Guerilla Leaders of the World

Percy Cross Standing

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THE STAMPEDE AT TOFRIK

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GUERILLA LEADERS OF THE WORLD

BY

PERCY CROSS STANDING

AUTHOR OF "NAPOLEON'S EMPIRE-MAKERS"

ETC.

WITH 16 ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS

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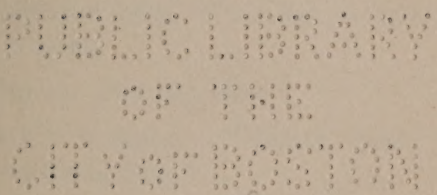

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

THE author desires to express his grateful acknowledgments to His Excellency the Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, Lieutenant-General Sir Francis Reginald Wingate, for kindly furnishing some authoritative facts concerning the career of Osman Digna.

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GUERILLA LEADERS OF THE WORLD

CHAPTER I

THE GUERILLA SPIRIT

THE Guerilla fighter, or approved exponent of the methods and tactics of irregular warfare, is not to be confounded with the brigand or the freebooter. He is essentially a soldier, but a soldier attaining his end by ways and means diametrically opposed to those of the military school, the drill-ground, and the technical field-order. His simpler, less dignified, but not less forcible methods include the surprise, the raid, the ambuscade, the night-attack, and notably the feint. He may be but a poor peasant who has taken up arms in defence of his hearth and home, or he may be the more highly skilled fighter trained to the profession of arms, and utilised by a com-

mander in the field as the complement to his better-disciplined levies. In any event the guerilla is, other things being equal, a veritable thorn in the side of any army of occupation. Not infrequently in the world's history, his tactics of remorseless resistance and resourceful daring have compelled the long struggle to be decided in his favour at the last.

Judging from the teachings of Biblical history, the irregular warrior was a striking factor in the great days of Joshua and of Moses. From mediæval times onward he has fought and bled in all lands. He played a glorious part in resisting the successive invasions of our own country by the Romans, the Picts and Scots, the Saxons, the Norsemen, and the Normans. Hereward the Wake, beloved of all readers of Kingsley's brilliant romance, was a very prince and exemplar of guerilla methods. His magnificent resistance among the marshlands and fenlands of his beloved Isle of Ely, culminated in his superb feat of cutting his way, almost single-handed, through the mail-clad host of that William the Norman, who was glad to grant him his life and liberty and accept his fealty. Next in importance to Hereward come William Wallace and Robert

the Bruce, whose relentless methods of mountain warfare, terminating in the death of one and the kingship of the other, inevitably led up to the re-establishment of Scottish independence. Nor should one omit a passing reference to the military methods of the renowned Du Guescelin in opposing the English invasion of France.

Coming down through the dark centuries of sanguinary and bitter war that changed and rechanged the map of Europe many times over, we arrive at the period when the seasoned veterans of Napoleon the Great were finding their level, and meeting their match, among the wild hills of Calabria and in the frowning mountain fastnesses and grim sierras of Spain and Portugal, at the hands of countless hordes of guerilla soldiers. Taking the cruel case of Italy first—in the days when Napoleon was conquering it for his brother Joseph, and when his picked troops were vanquished by our General Sir John Stuart—we find that the methods in vogue among the infuriated peasantry were partly those of the brigand. For this reason I have refrained from including in my story the names of Fra Diavolo, Francatripa, and the other famed leaders of Cala-

brian banditti who varied their customary tactics of plunder and ransom by joining in the common cause of ridding their fair country of the hated foe. They were, in effect, the Robin Hood and Little John of their honourable calling in the South, and as such can hardly be accorded a place in what presumes to be a record of the most illustrious leaders of irregular warriors as distinct from freebooters. The broad fact remains that these dauntless hearts, and others like them, were largely instrumental in carrying to a successful issue the practical extermination of the various powerful forces sent into Italy to bolster up the tottering power of Joseph Napoleon and afterwards of Murat, King of Naples.

For the differing reason that in the Spanish peninsula there was so great a variety of notable partisan leaders to arrest the march of Napoleonic conquest that it is somewhat difficult to pick out one name more prominent than another, I have omitted a separate reference to this prolonged and bloody struggle. The sombre fact remains, that during the half-dozen years, 1807–13, of "conquista" and "reconquista" of the French might in Spain and Portugal, the war was waged with such

unremitting ferocity that one hundred thousand is a rough estimate of the number of French lives lost. If the name of one leader of the banded-together Iberian peasantry stands out more prominently than another in this life and death struggle, it is that of the heroic MINA. "These leaders had the most perfect knowledge of the woods and passes of the mountains, and had the most immediate information from the peasantry of the movements of the French. They could therefore come upon them when totally unlooked for, and cut them off suddenly. If they were repulsed, they disappeared like shadows into the forests and deserts. Sometimes they came several thousand strong; sometimes a little band of ten or twenty men would dash forward from their concealment and effect some startling deed. To chase them appeared hopeless, for they spread through a thousand ways, as water sinks into the earth and disappears. To intimidate them, Marshal Soult published a proclamation that he would treat them as bandits, and would immediately shoot all he captured; the guerillas replied by another proclamation that for every Spaniard they would execute three Frenchmen—and they so literally fulfilled their threat

that the French were compelled to return to the ordinary rules of warfare." Often the local doctor or *curé* would place himself at the head of one of those patriotic partisan bands, who at other times would be headed by a trained Spanish officer or some grandee fired by love of country.

In the following pages we shall follow the fortunes of the guerilla fighter in all quarters of the globe. We shall see the swarthy Mexican half-breed turning upon his Spanish oppressor as the Spaniard had turned upon his Gallic invader—the Tyrolese peasant opposing, with the weapons of primeval savagery, the French onslaught of his exquisite country—the Red Man with his back to the wall waging his last fight against utter extinction—the wild and fantastic Circassian beating back the Muscovite aggressor until overwhelmed by sheer numbers—the savage Dervish employing every device of barbaric war to entrap and hamper the British saviour of the Sûdan. We shall merely take a few salient points from the life-story of that popular hero and "saviour," Garibaldi. As we have discovered few elements of the picturesque in the English conquest of the Maoris of New Zealand, we

shall omit the name of their approved leader Te Kooti, whose raids embarrassed our troops not a little. And while we shall hope to do justice to the romantic story of Abd-el-Kader's prolonged resistance to the French in Algeria, we shall waste little time over the adventures of the Republic's armies in Indo-China during the seventies and eighties—so largely the record of a tireless but tiresome attempt at the suppression of piracy and dacoity, that one wonders that persistent "earth-hunger" should have tempted Republican France into a long and costly war with the Chinese Empire for the possession of—what?

The American War of Secession teems with feats of daring done after the most approved patterns of irregular fighting. It is noteworthy that in this most frightful of civil wars nearly all the partisan soldiers of real distinction were produced by one side, the Confederate. There is, too, a particular element of interest about the guerilla operations of this four years' contest, inasmuch as it witnessed the unusual spectacle of more than one regular General officer adopting irregular ways and with most unequivocal success, e.g. General J. E. B. Stuart and General N. B. Forrest.

In his illuminating work on *Small Wars*, Major Callwell has a well-reasoned exposition of the *raison d'être* of the guerilla. He is, this writer points out, "what the regular armies have always to dread, and when directed by a leader with genius for war an effective campaign becomes wellnigh impossible. . . . Hilly and broken ground, or districts clothed in jungle growth and thickets, are requisite. On the prairie and the steppes, on the other hand, guerilla warfare can only be attempted by mounted men whose mobility at least partially compensates for the lack of cover as they approach. . . . Surprise is the essence of such operations—surprise with retreat ere the opponent can recover as a sequel; and in consequence the combinations are of necessity framed on a small scale. Surprises with large forces are difficult to carry out; the withdrawal of these when once committed to action is most risky. Guerilla warfare therefore almost of necessity means petty annoyance and not operations of a dramatic kind. Such capricious methods of conducting operations are best met by a resolute plan of campaign and by an organisation favouring rapid and energetic counter-

strokes. Surprise can to a certain extent be guarded against by measures taken for security; but the escape of the enemy can only be frustrated by having troops ready to follow up at once and effectively."

The prolonged struggles of the Royalists in La Vendée and Brittany, against the might of the Republican armies when France lay drenched in the blood of her best and noblest, form the first picture of guerilla warfare that we propose to depict. It is a picturesque and stirring chapter in the story of internecine strife, in addition to being an object-lesson for the student of campaigns of the partisan *versus* the professional soldier. There are few more romantic figures in history than the two brothers La Rochejaquelein. The work done in La Vendée by the one was carried on after his heroic death by the other, each in his turn falling on the battlefield for the cause which he deemed right and holy.

CHAPTER II

BRITTANY AND LA VENDÉE : LA ROCHEJAQUELEIN, CHARETTE, ETC.

"*Si je recule, tuez-moi—si j'avance, suivez-moi—si je meurs, vengez-moi.*"—La Rochejaquelein to his followers.

The name "Chouan revolt," as applied to the Royalist insurrection which broke out in Brittany at the height of the French Revolution, has been variously interpreted. It is most likely to have been a corruption of the word *chat-huant* (screech-owl), a bird whose harsh note appears to have been imitated by the insurgents by way of a signal, or possibly it came from a nickname applied to the Breton smuggler Jean Cottereau, with whom the first rising chiefly originated. However this may have been, "Chouans" was the name by which the revolted Bretons came to be known, and *Chouannerie* a generic title for their organisation in opposition to the Revolutionary authority.

At first the rebellion did not altogether

prosper, for Jean Cottereau did not perhaps conduct it on lines that would commend it to the noblest-minded of patriots. But, as luck would have it, Jean fell in a skirmish at Misdon, and was succeeded in the conduct of the movement by Desoteux (better known as Baron Cormatin), a man of little military attainment. Cormatin was ultimately taken prisoner, but not before he and others had succeeded in lifting the enterprise from the level of a mere parochial outbreak. Not far away, in La Vendée, a rising was also imminent, and it is at this juncture that the honoured name of La Rochejaquelein first looms prominent. We shall return to Brittany presently.

Henri, Comte de la Rochejaquelein, a son of the Marquis of that name, was born at Châtillon, in Poitou, in 1772. Thus he was barely twenty at the outbreak of the Revolution, which found him serving in the Royal Guard of Louis XVI. He was as ardent as he was handsome, as gifted as he was heroic, and he only yearned for an opportunity of serving his ill-fated employer the King. On August 10th, 1792, took place the massacre of the Swiss Guards and the deposition and seizure of Louis. Then it was that Henri

Rochejaquelein quitted Paris in order to throw in his lot with the peasantry of his own Royalist district of Poitou, who were seeking to create a diversion in favour of the King. From thence he proceeded to the seat of the more formidable rising among the Chouans.

The young aristocrat's words in accepting high command in this bitter struggle against the forces of the Assembly were memorable. He simply said, "I am young and inexperienced, but I have an ardent desire to render myself worthy of leading you. Let us march to meet the enemy. If I give way, kill me—if I advance, follow me—if I fall, avenge me!"

A Maid of Orleans, by her personal and spiritual influence, could hardly have evoked more enthusiasm from her followers than did the young Comte by these burning words. They were uttered at a time when they were sorely needed, for shortly after La Rochejaquelein's arrival at the theatre of war the Vendéan resistance sustained a heavy loss by the death of Jacques Cathelineau—himself a man of such simplicity and sanctity of life that he came to be known among his simple followers as "the Saint of Anjou." Cathe-

lineau was Anjouan by birth, and when the trouble started with the storming of the Bastille he was quietly following the avocation of a linen merchant. Modesty, initiative, and a lion-like courage were his chief characteristics, and a few short weeks of guerilla warfare so eminently marked him out for this kind of work that he had no choice but to accept the chief command. His raw but enthusiastic levies brilliantly carried by storm the fortified town of Chollet, and followed this up by routing the Republican forces of Saumur. Cathelineau next planned and cleverly carried out (June, 1793), in conjunction with a colleague, François Charette, an assault on Nantes. Under his watchful eye 30,000 Chouans, with their picturesquely unconventional equipment of scythes, pikes, old swords, and muskets and bayonets taken from Republican foes, had penetrated into the town and were gallantly pressing the onslaught. But their self-sacrificing General, alas! had struck his last blow for the Royalist cause. A musket-ball mortally wounded him, and such was the effect of this disaster on his undisciplined followers that they relinquished their advantage and fled, carrying his body

with them. The devoted Cathelineau lingered in agony for twelve days, passing away at St. Florent on July 11th, 1793. This stern struggle for the possession of Nantes lasted eighteen hours. The Republican troops, who were in great force, were commanded by General Westermann, whose men were guilty of the grossest outrages and barbarities as they laid waste the beautiful Vendéan country. But the people, aroused to a pitch of fury by the death of their beloved leader, dogged the savage Westermann's advance until they gradually destroyed his organisation. In conjunction with the complete overthrow of another large Republican force near Vihiers, this for the time being cleared the province of the enemy.

It is now necessary to go back a little in order to outline the particular circumstances in which the people of La Vendée found themselves placed. A simple and deeply religious folk, they had observed with unfeigned horror the resistless onward sweep of the Revolution, for they "wanted no Republic, no *sans-culotteism*, no goddess of Nature or of Reason." To their Breton aristocracy, who were for the most part simple country

squires, they were sincerely attached, and not less so to their priests. The religious aspect, indeed, lends a peculiar interest to this sanguinary struggle, for the loyal-hearted peasantry simply supported and maintained their priests after the notorious Republican enactment which culminated in the ejectment of many *curés* in favour of Paris-made and loose-lived "pastors." They also continued to pay their dues to their seigneurs, though forbidden by the Convention; the situation has been not inaptly compared with the Scottish Covenanters' attitude towards the Stuart régime. The horrors of August 10th, 1792, in Paris made a profound impression in the province. Two young Breton noblemen who escaped from the assault on the Tuileries—the Marquis de Lescure and Count Charles D'Antichamp—returned home, and were joined by La Rochejaquelein and other aristocrats in arranging a scheme of operations against the Republican power. The latter retorted by making a large number of arrests, and when, in the following March, the Convention demanded 300,000 conscripts, La Vendée flatly refused its quota. Republican troops were promptly marched into the province, and the

peasantry flew to arms with the above "aristocrats" as leaders in addition to Nicolas Stofflet (a German huntsman to the Marquis Maulevier), Charette, De Bonchamps, and Cathelineau. The Marquis de Lescure and others were seized and interned at Bressuire, but were speedily rescued by La Rochejaquelein in person. The civil war's first great incident was the battle of Nantes and death of Cathelineau, which we have just noticed. La Vendée generally is "a country of low hills and narrow valleys, intersected by perpetual streams and thick hedgerows." Most of the peasants were admirable marksmen, for there were no game-laws in La Vendée, and everyone carried a gun at pleasure and joined in the sports of the gentry. Accordingly, the Vendéans formed ambushes in the narrow woody passes and, hemming in the Republican troops, poured down upon them the most deadly fire from their concealed positions. In the open fields they attacked them from behind the thick hedges, and when driven from one hedge by overwhelming numbers, retired to another. Between the Bocage and the sea lay the Maraisor, as its name indicates, a district of marshes—intersected

by dykes and canals. In such a country, the Republicans for a time suffered the most terrible losses.

From end to end it is a luridly pitiable story. Determined to crush the rising by sheer weight of numbers the Convention sent not less than 100,000 men into La Vendée, with several of their best Generals—including Kléber, afterwards destined to a tragic death in Egypt. With characteristic double-dealing, the Republican Government included in this army some 20,000 who had capitulated to the Prussians at Mayence and had given a solemn pledge that they would not take up arms again—also a large number who, having been made prisoners by the Vendéans, had registered a similar promise to them. This gross perjury exasperated the guerillas to such an extent that henceforth it became a war of barbarous extermination on both sides. No prisoners were taken, and the Republicans slaughtered, burned, and pillaged as they advanced, making of that fair land a pandemonium.

Kléber was twice beaten back with heavy losses, but the superiority of his artillery slowly but surely told. No less than three of the principal Royalist chiefs fell in this bitter

struggle—the Marquis de Lescure, d'Elbée (severely wounded), and De Bonchamps. Practically the whole remaining population, from the doddering old man to the babe at the breast, were now on the move towards the Loire—for if they remained, they remained but to be murdered, and their homesteads were in flames behind them. The gallant Prince de Talmont, an influential Breton nobleman who had previous experience of war, advised a retreat across the Loire into Brittany, where they would find thousands of Chouans in arms.

There were only a score of boats to carry something like 100,000 men, women and children across the broad river. But it was effected somehow, for although the relentless enemy's guns were heard, he failed to arrive in time to open on the densely packed mass of fugitives. Nevertheless, there was a sufficiency of terrible incidents at the crossing. To instance only two, the mortally wounded Marquis de Lescure was jolted along in a carriage until he expired, while his infant son (the Marquise was with her husband) wailed pitiably for sustenance until a drop of milk was found for him in a burning village. And

the Marquise La Rochejaquelein, who also had an infant in arms, declared that the inferno resembled "the Day of Judgment." Her husband, assisted by Stofflet, assumed command of this mob of fugitives after the death of Lescure.

Once across the great river and joined by some 7000 disciplined Chouans, they took fresh heart and read a severe lesson to Generals Westermann and Lechelle, who sought to intercept their march on Laval. After this repulse Lechelle ("from mortification and terror of the guillotine, now the certain punisher of defeated Generals") died *en route*. It was, however, but a temporary gleam of sunshine for the poor peasants, who declined to adopt La Rochejaquelein's advice that they should retreat into the interior of Brittany and continue the struggle within easy touch of the seaboard and English co-operation. Instead, they elected to follow a route into Normandy and make for Cherbourg, which they never reached. Finally, all save about a thousand men who remained with La Rochejaquelein, they retraced their steps towards the Loire led by Stofflet. After more horrors, in course of which hundreds of their women

were seized and shot by the savage foe, they found themselves hemmed in at Savenay by the united forces of Kléber and Westermann, between the Loire, the Vilaine, and the coast. This time they were practically exterminated, and Kléber proudly (?) announced to the Convention that La Vendée was " no more." It is odd, by the way, to find two such names as Stofflet and Westermann fighting against each other in a civil war on French soil. These events closed the year 1793.

Over the unthinkable horrors which meanwhile had been accumulating in the city of Nantes, it is best to draw a veil. In Swinburne's phrase, the monster Carrier " came down to the Loire and slew." His fiendish revival of the *noyades*, or drownings of the fourteenth century, included such items as the murder by night of ninety priests by dropping them through boats having movable bottoms ; the shooting down of five hundred little children ; the drowning in a batch of three hundred young " women of the town " ; and the death of one of Carrier's executioners from remorse ! The number of this wretch's pitiful victims totalled up to 15,000, or about one half of those who died in various fearful ways—

famine and disease included—under the Reign of Terror at Nantes. It is satisfactory to recall that Carrier, whose Breton enormities "shocked" even Robespierre, was himself ultimately brought to the guillotine.

The spring of 1794 opened with two more paralysing catastrophes for the Vendéans. The largest body of those who escaped from the conflict or massacre at Savenay got into l'Île de Noirmoutier, led by Charette, who was accompanied by the wounded General d'Elbée and his wife and a brother of the dead Cathelineau. Presently Charette departed on an incursion into the mainland, leaving 1800 men to guard the sick and wounded. This wretched garrison allowed itself to be corrupted by the Republican General Turreau—afterwards distinguished in the wars of Italy—who was barbarian enough to have d'Elbée and his wife shot and the wounded abominably treated. Blow number two, and heavier in its far-reaching effect on the peasant folk who worshipped him, was the untimely death of the chivalrous Henri La Rochejaquelein, aged only twenty-one. Undaunted, even though his advice had not been taken, he managed to raise fresh forces in Upper Poitou. With

these he was moving towards Nouaillé on March 4th, 1794, when they encountered a couple of Republican soldiers. He humanely offered them quarter, but their response was to shoot him dead! The young Marquis's career was nobly sacrificed to the cause he had at heart.

Meanwhile Robespierre had fallen, and the brilliant young General Lazare Hoche was the next officer entrusted with the "pacification" of the Vendéan country. Says Major Callwell: "Hoche, whose conduct of the campaign against the Chouans and insurgents from La Vendée will ever remain a model of operations of this kind, achieved success as much by his happy combination of clemency with firmness as by his masterly dispositions in the theatre of war. Expeditions to put down revolt are not put in motion merely to bring about a temporary cessation of hostility, their purpose is to ensure a lasting peace. Therefore, in choosing the objective the overawing and not the exasperation of the enemy is the aim to keep in view."[1] Hoche, whose perfected spy-service was a special feature, did, in fact, bring about his "pacification" of La Vendée by a

[1] *Small Wars*, p. 21.

happy and (at that time) original system which is thus summarised by Thiers: "He devised an ingenious mode of reducing the country without laying it waste, by depriving it of its arms and taking part of its produce for the supply of the Republican army. In the first place he persisted in the establishment of entrenched camps. He then formed a circular line which was supported by the Sèvre and Loire and tended to envelope progressively the whole country. This line was composed of very strong detachments, connected by patrols so as to leave no free space by which an enemy who was at all numerous could pass. These posts were directed to occupy every hamlet and village and to disarm them. To accomplish this they were to seize the cattle which usually grazed together, and the corn stowed away in the barns; they were also to secure the principal inhabitants; they were not to restore the cattle or the corn, nor to release the persons taken as hostages, till the peasants should have voluntarily delivered up their arms."[1] Stern repressive measures perhaps, yet little severer than those enforced by the British in South Africa a century afterwards

[1] *Consulate and Empire.*

when repressing the guerilla tactics of the Boers.

The last melancholy stages of this wretched business were mainly concerned with the attempt of a British fleet under Admiral Sir John Warren to aid the lost cause of the Chouans. This intervention was the outcome of a mission by another of their leaders, Puisaye, to Pitt, who consented to dispatch a flotilla. Meanwhile a large sum of money was collected from the Empress Catherine of Russia by the Comte d'Artois,[1] and with this money and the convoy of Sir John Warren's fleet Puisaye sailed from the Isle of Wight, taking a mixed assortment of 3000 Royalist refugees. Another squadron went to the Channel Islands to collect the large bodies of *emigrés* who had fled thither. From the outset these emigrant bands looked down with scorn upon the "Breton rabble," as they expressed it, with whom they were expected to co-operate in this melancholy enterprise, backed by a British fleet and Russian gold. Such a spirit of dissension would have proved fatal to almost any expedition—how much more to one so ill-organised and equipped with such a multi-

[1] Afterwards Charles X of France.

tude of counsellors. The co-operating Chouans were, we are informed, attired for the most part in green coats and pantaloons with red waistcoats; but Puisaye carried over from England some 20,000 scarlet uniforms, as well as stores, muskets and powder. The Comte d'Artois was in England, intending to go out to Brittany later with English troops.

The *rendezvous* for Chouans and *emigrés* was the Bay of Quiberon—presumably a good omen, as this had been the scene of Hawke's great victory over the French fleet on a lee-shore in 1759. As luck would have it, Admiral Warren's fleet sighted that of the enemy under Villaret-Joyeuse, who hurriedly bore away, having no desire to risk a repetition of Hawke's fine feat of thirty odd years before. Accordingly, the fleet commenced to land its thousands of motley passengers near Quiberon on June 25th, 1795. Puisaye's command was at once joined by a contingent that rendered it still more heterogeneous, viz. several thousands of the wild Chouans under their various leaders. (Among these was the celebrated Georges Cadoudal, who perished on the scaffold in 1804 for his participation in the plot for Bonaparte's assassination — a man of such

marked genius for war and diplomacy that the First Consul seriously attempted to convert him to other ideals, remarking, "If only I had the moulding of that character!" But Cadoudal was not to be bought over.) "Along with the Chouans came troops of peasants, crying *Vive le Roi!* and bringing in abundance of fresh eggs, poultry, etc. Puisaye was delighted, and felt confident that all Brittany was ready to rise. But this delusion was soon dissipated. The emigrants, accustomed to regular armies, looked with contempt on these wild and ragged bands, and they on their part were not restrained, on the landing of the arms and uniforms, from seizing and carrying them off, without much exertion on the part of Puisaye. *There was danger of bloodshed.* At length, in about a couple of days 10,000 of them were put into red coats and furnished with muskets. But fatal dissensions prevented all operations." The Bishop of Dôl accompanied the expedition as Legate of the Pope. The Comte d'Hervilly, who led the *emigrés*, disputed the chief command of the "army" with the almost equally pusillanimous Puisaye, and they childishly referred the matter to the Comte d'Artois in London. This in the teeth

of the enemy too! For a Republican garrison held Fort Penthiévre in Quiberon Bay; but, thanks to the admirable aid of Sir John Warren, whose ships maintained a hot bombardment from the seaward side, this post was smartly carried by assault on July 3rd. In their delight at this preliminary success, Puisaye and d'Hervilly sent hurriedly to call up Charette, Stofflet, and the other guerilla chiefs.

Now General Hoche, with the plenary powers invested in him by the National Assembly, was by way of abandoning his policy of "pacification" towards the Chouans. For one thing Hoche, whose head-quarters were established about Auray with powerful posts spread all over the Breton country, had in his camp two of those "Extraordinary Commissioners" whom the Convention were so fond of sending to stimulate (?) their Generals and Admirals—as they had previously, and with notably disastrous results, in Howe's battle of the "Glorious First of June" and elsewhere. To these gentlemen's representations Hoche responded that all he desired was for government to support him with the reinforcements and supplies they had promised him—he would do the rest. And he was as good as

his word. The Bretons did not rise *en masse* in support of the Chouans and *emigrés*, as had been hoped and anticipated by the latter, and on July 7th Hoche made a vigorous counter-attack. The upshot was what might have been expected from the miserable tactics of the Royalist mob—it was little better—from their rancorous bickerings, and from their having to carry their women and children with them in all their movements. The fighting that ensued was prolonged and desperate, but it could end only in one way.

Hoche's immediate objective was the re-capture of Fort Penthiévre. He concentrated a withering fire of artillery and musketry upon the mixed-up mass of his valiant but disorderly opponents, who rapidly became wedged in between the isthmus and the mainland. It is estimated that they must have numbered at least 20,000, and an eye-witness stated that only a steady fire maintained from the boats of Sir John Warren's fleet saved them from surrendering at discretion to the tender mercies of the Republicans. But the inevitable catastrophe was only delayed, not averted.

In the midst of this pandemonium—the patriots being steadily pressed back towards

the sea—another British squadron came in on July 15th, bringing some 11,000 reinforcements from the Elbe led by the Comte de Sombreuil. In some sense encouraged by this arrival, Puisaye and his allies essayed a combined frontal and flank attack upon the hosts of Hoche. It did not succeed. They lost many of their guns in the sand, and further to complicate a desperate situation the Chouan garrison of the captured Fort Penthiévre basely turned renegade and, not content with betraying the place to Hoche, actually assisted in shooting a few of their number who refused to participate in the betrayal! This may be said to have given the *coup de grâce* to the wretched enterprise. Admiral Warren, who behaved splendidly under what must have been the most trying and thankless conditions that could be imposed on a British tar, managed to get about 16,000 of the fugitives on board his fleet, much hampered in the operation by their impatience and the stormy weather. Meanwhile, the young and gifted Comte de Sombreuil remained on shore too long and was surrounded. He gave up his sword on being solemnly promised his life, but—to Hoche's eternal dishonour and infamy

be it recorded—this pledge was utterly disregarded. Not only the Comte himself, but the venerable Bishop of Dôl and all the captured officers, were at once put to death by being shot on the seashore. As for his numerous prisoners of the rank and file, the Republican commander compelled them to enroll themselves under the tricolour.

At their own request, Sir John Warren put his Chouan passengers on shore again on another part of the coast, and himself waited in the vicinity for yet another English squadron, which was to bring 4000 British soldiers intended for co-operation in a descent upon the already blood-drenched La Vendée. It was destined never to materialise. The brave Charette's old stronghold, l'Île Noirmontier, was found garrisoned by no fewer than 15,000 Republican troops, so the English disembarked on the neighbouring Île d'Yeu. The Comte d'Artois was daily expected from England, and much was hoped from the presence in person of the head of the Orleanist party. When he did arrive, however, Charles behaved like the poltroon he undoubtedly was. The mere sound of the cannonading was enough to decide him against landing at all. It was

characteristic of the man who in later life played such a sorry part as Charles X of France. His efforts in England only had the effect of further embittering public opinion in republican France.

Well might poor Charette wring his hands and bitterly exclaim, "We are lost—to-day I have 15,000 men with me, to-morrow I shall not have five hundred!"

And indeed, now that it was perfectly obvious the Comte d'Artois intended to play the coward, the Royalist forces deserted in great numbers. By this time it was October, and the English fleets made their preparations for returning home, where they had a melancholy tale to tell. The cause was lost. The population of La Vendée had been reduced by *one-fifth:* the once fair territory had become a desolate and blackened wilderness. Hoche's own estimate of a hundred thousand lives is by no means an exaggeration of the cost to France of this civil war in her maritime provinces.

There is little more to tell save the fate of the surviving leaders. In the early days of 1796 the brave Stofflet sustained a final defeat and became a fugitive. His betrayal followed,

and on February 26th he and four of his officers were put to death at Angers. Almost exactly a month afterwards followed the capture of Francis Charette de la Cointre, and on March 29th he also was summarily shot at Nantes. In Napoleon's opinion, as expressed to the gossipy Las Casas at St. Helena, Charette was "the only great character" produced by the troubles in La Vendée. He was, said the Emperor, "the true hero of that remarkable episode of our Revolution which, if it presented great misfortunes, at least did not sacrifice our glory. In the wars of La Vendée Frenchmen destroyed each other, but they did not degrade themselves. They received aid from foreigners, but they did not stoop to the disgrace of marching under their banners and receiving daily pay for merely executing their commands. Yes," he repeated, "Charette impressed me with the idea of a great character. I observed that he on several occasions acted with uncommon energy and intrepidity; he betrayed genius." The Emperor was careful to add that it was at his own suggestion that Lamarque was sent to La Vendée in 1815 to quell a new rising, his efforts turning out eminently successful.

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THE BATTLE OF NANTES

Charette had started his career on the sea, and had encountered some rare perils even before the Revolution. On one occasion, when serving on a cutter which was nearly wrecked not far from Brest, he killed one of the seamen in order to encourage the others to save the ship. Las Casas naïvely adds that "this dreadful example had the desired effect." The crew of the little cutter solemnly vowed that if they were saved they would go in their shirts, barefooted, carrying tapers to Our Lady of Recouvrance at Brest—a vow which they religiously fulfilled.

. . . . .

More like a piece of sheer romanticism than a hard fact of modern history, is the remarkable circumstance—with its so tragic sequel—that in 1813 the Comte de la Roche-jaquelein's brother placed himself at the head of a fresh insurrection in La Vendée. The times were ripe for a recrudescence of the rising that had ended in the death of his chivalrous brother nineteen years before. The signal disaster to Napoleon's arms on the frozen steppes of Russia had been the prelude to a banding together of the nations against

the long tyranny of his power. Though cowed by the tactics employed by Hoche to subdue them, the Vendéans had ever remained ready for revolt, and had been by no means quiescent during the days of the Consulate and the Empire. They had, indeed, broken out again in 1799, when a partial and ill-organised rising had not amounted to much. But now they perceived their chance and took it.

As he had done in the case of Georges Cadoudal, Napoleon made determined but fruitless efforts to induce this kinsman of the dead La Rochejaquelein, and representative of the *haute noblesse*, to enter the Imperial service. Louis de Verger, Marquis de la Rochejaquelein, was younger by several years than his brother Henri. As a lad he had passed over into England to escape the horrors of the Revolution, but returning to France in 1801, bided his time until the waning of Napoleon's star. Hostile operations in Brittany in 1813 were only of a tentative character, but in the ensuing spring, after the Restoration, Louis XVIII gave to the Marquis, in consideration of his services to the Bourbon cause, command of the forces in La Vendée.

He was accompanied by his accomplished wife the Marquise Marie-Louise Victoire, who witnessed much of the actual fighting that ensued, and subsequently embodied the results of her observations in a work of great interest and value.[1]

On the return of Napoleon from Elba, La Rochejaquelein proceeded to organise his Vendéan forces on so sound a basis that the Emperor felt compelled to dispatch against them a powerful *corps d'armée* commanded by Generals Lamarque and Travot. A new race of local leaders had sprung up among the Chouans since their dispersal by Hoche, and the names of Suzannet, Antichamp, and Sapineau are prominent in the La Vendée campaign of 1815. Several engagements were fought with varying result, but generally in favour of the Imperial troops, who necessarily preponderated in numbers and equipment.

On June 4th—exactly a fortnight before Waterloo—Louis Rochejaquelein led his motley array into battle for the last time, at Pont-des-Mathis. The outcome was disastrous. Eventually the Royalist leaders of these peasant "insurgents" capitulated simply because they

[1] *Mémoires:* Bordeaux. 1815.

did not know that Waterloo had been fought and won and the fate of Napoleon irrevocably sealed.

The "butcher's bill" of the long and protracted civil strife in La Vendée was simply appalling. It is estimated that a rough total of 300,000 men, 18,000 women, and 22,000 children were killed in battle, put to death, or perished in some manner connected with the revolt, or series of revolts, of the Royalist guerillas.

CHAPTER III

THE TYROL : HOFER—SPECKBACHER—HASPINGER

THE position of European affairs at the beginning of 1809 was very interesting and highly critical. Napoleon had made himself master and dictator of the greater part of the Continent save Russia. In Spain his armies had driven out the British expeditionary force under Sir John Moore, Prussia was at his feet and only Austria was "restive." It was, in fact, urgent intelligence from Vienna that caused the Emperor to relinquish the pursuit of Sir John Moore to Marshal Soult, while he hurried back to Paris to confront the new danger that threatened. A few weeks later (April, 1809) found him in the field, opposing the advance into Bavaria of the powerful army of the Archduke Charles.

That exquisitely beautiful holiday-land of the Austrian Empire, the Tyrol, had during the Middle Ages been a mutinous appanage

of Bavaria, but towards the close of the fourteenth century had been handed over to the Duke of Austria. At the disposal of the Hapsburgs it had remained ever since until 1806 (a French army under Joubert attempted its invasion in 1797 but was repulsed with slaughter, and in 1805 Marshal Ney made a tentative attempt), when it pleased Napoleon, in his " rearrangement " of the map of Europe after his smashing of the power of Prussia and Austria, to give it back to Bavaria. This high-handed act was bitterly resented by the hardy and patriotic mountaineers of the Tyrol, then perhaps numbering about half a million souls. Staunch adherents to the Catholic faith, they had for centuries lived contentedly enough under the dominion of Austria, and the weakness of their vacillating Emperor, Francis II, in relinquishing the Tyrol was a bitter blow to this fine people. They beheld their lovely country, with its enchanting ranges of the Alps and its verdant valleys watered by the clear streams of the Inn and Adige, handed over to the hated Bavarians with a dramatic suddenness. An army of occupation marched in, and remonstrances addressed to Vienna availed not, for the

Hapsburg power was crippled. Moreover, some shocking atrocities were perpetrated by the Bavarian soldiers. But the furious peasantry bided their time, and their voice was not silent even if they had to "talk with it among themselves." Their opportunity arrived when, as noted above, Austria declared war on France in the spring of 1809 and the Archduke marched his army into Bavaria.

From whom but among themselves should the leaders of the Tyrolese people be chosen in their heroic struggle with the mighty power of Napoleon? These leaders, or at all events the three who counted most, were Hofer, Speckbacher, and Haspinger—a noble trio indeed. Andreas Hofer was the host of the "Sand" at Passeyr (it is curious how many of the leaders of the Tyrolese were innkeepers), whilst Joseph Speckbacher was a well-to-do peasant of Rinn, and Joachim Haspinger ("The Redbeard") a Capuchin priest! It is hard to decide which of this dauntless three may have been the most picturesque personality, but here is an attractive pen-picture of Hofer:

"He was a figure as striking as ever displayed itself in mountain warfare. He was of

a Herculean form, and remarkably handsome. He wore a low-crowned, broad-brimmed, black Tyrolean hat, ornamented with green ribands and the feathers of the capercailzie; his broad chest was covered with a red waistcoat, across which green braces, a hand in breadth, upheld black chamois-leather breeches; his knees were bare, but his well-developed calves were covered with red stockings; a broad, black leathern girdle clasped his muscular form; over all was thrown a short green coat, without buttons. His long, brown beard, which fell in rich curls on to his chest, added dignity to his appearance; his full, broad countenance was expressive of good-humour and honesty; his small penetrating eyes sparkled with vivacity. Hofer traded in wine, corn and horses, and was well known and esteemed as far as the Italian frontier. He had been a member of the Diet of Innsbrück, and had fought, as a captain of a rifle corps, against the French. He was, in domestic life, open, honest, pious, and yet rather fond of the hilarity of company over a glass of wine. He might often be seen during the war with a sword in one hand and a bottle in the other." Hofer's humble inn "On the Sand" may yet be seen. He and

Speckbacher were both about forty years of age. Martin Teimer, some ten years younger, was another notable leader.

On the declaration of hostilities by Austria against France, Hofer hastened to Vienna, where he received a more than cordial reception from the Emperor Francis, and submitted a plan of campaign for defending the Tyrol which was cordially approved. The gallant Andreas hurried back to his mountain home as the accredited commander-in-chief of his countrymen. Secrecy was, of course, a first essential, for French bayonets held Innsbrück, the capital. A Bavarian force, commanded by General Von Wrede, occupied Brixen in the Tyrol, and spies abounded. Therefore a code of secret signals was introduced by the burghers, and on a memorable day—April 9th, 1809—wooden planks bearing tiny red flags might have been seen floating down the River Inn, whilst the ingenious if simple plan of casting sawdust into the smaller rivers was seen and understood to mean the signal for a general uprising. Addressing several thousands of the assembled peasants in an impassioned speech, Hofer said : " When you have carved a wooden figure, may you take it to Vienna

and sell it? Is that liberty? You are Tyrolese—at least, your fathers called themselves so, now you have to call yourselves Bavarians. Our old Castle of Tyrol has been demolished: does that content you? If you raise three ears of maize, they demand two from you: do you call that prosperity? But there is a Providence, and it has been revealed to me that if we plan to take our revenge we shall have help. Up then, and at these Bavarians! Tear your foes, aye, with your teeth, so long as they stand up; but when they kneel pardon them!"

Now opens one of the most thrilling chapters in the story of Guerilla warfare. The precipitous passes and unfathomable chasms of the Tyrol lent themselves peculiarly to that favourite trick of the irregular fighter—the ruse of the ambuscade—and its effect was all the more sensational and effective by reason of Wrede's crass ignorance of the ways of mountain fighting. It commenced when a detachment of sappers, sent by the Bavarian commander to destroy the bridges whereby an Austrian force might enter the country over the River Rienz, were decimated by a deadly fusillade from an unseen body of picked

marksmen who lay concealed in the pine-clad peaks. Wrede's sappers fled in dismay, and to avenge this act of audacity by the peasantry —whom he supposed he would not have the smallest difficulty in chastising and dispersing, for many of them had only "cudgels" and "flails"—he advanced a few days later at the head of a powerful Franco-Bavarian corps of all arms of the service. The same concealed tactics as before were adopted by the Tyrolese, who at this point were led by Peter Kemnater (another innkeeper, by the way), a youngster of twenty-two. So terrible was the fire concentrated upon them by their hidden foes that Wrede's troops fled wildly and did not stop until they reached Innsbrück. Their artillery was abandoned to the delighted peasants, who flung it—and, I am afraid, the gunners along with it, for this war was literally "to the knife"—into the raging torrent below.

Albeit the start of his campaign had been scarcely auspicious, Wrede was in such preponderating force that he determined on a fresh attempt. This time his route lay by the defile of Brixen, which the invading force entered (April 10th, 1809) with all the nonchalance of conquerors. "In this pass," says

a contemporary writer, "the inhabitants had suspended huge trunks of trees and pieces of rock on the faces of the precipices, by cords and ropes of hay and straw. As the French and Bavarians advanced into the pass ten thousand strong, they found tremendous rocks overhanging their heads, and a rapid torrent rushing along below. They heard no sound but of the screaming eagles and the roar of waters; but all at once a man's voice was heard calling across the ravine, "Shall we begin?" "No" was returned in an authoritative tone. The Bavarian battalion halted, and sent to the general for orders, when suddenly was heard the cry, "In the name of the Holy Trinity, cut all loose!" At the same moment rocks and trunks of trees came thundering down the precipices on their heads, and the crack of a thousand rifles mingled in the bellowing din. This attack was on the whole line at once; there was no room to avoid the descending death; and two-thirds of the force lay prostrated in the defile."

It is to be feared that not many of the 10,000 men who entered the pass escaped with their lives, for the Tyrolese took few prisoners. It was the war of an entire populace, anima-

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THE AMBUSH AT BRIXEN

ted by religious fervour and love of country, against a common foe, and the peasants were naturally elated at such a substantial success. Meanwhile, what of the brave Hofer himself? He had arranged with his colleague Speckbacher that while the latter looked to the safety of the lower valley of the Inn, he himself should defend the approaches to Passeyr. Surely never was country so well adapted for defence, and never did an "invader" play so innocently into his enemy's hands! On April 11th, Hofer's commando attacked a Bavarian contingent under Col. Barenklau, who had posted himself on the plateau known as Sterzinger Moss. The Bavarians formed in square, a formation which Hofer—who sat watching the contest "like Moses on a hill above"—found it impossible to pierce until he hit upon a happy device. This was nothing less than the sending forward of some loads of hay in ox-waggons which covered the advance of his riflemen. The first vehicle was driven by a brave little girl—women frequently figured in the war in the Tyrol—who, heedless of the flying bullets, continued to cry, "On, on! who cares for such Bavarian dumplings?" This heroine was uninjured, and the ruse

succeeded to admiration, the square being penetrated and the enemy dispersed.

On the other side of the Tyrol, Speckbacher had called his countrymen to arms to some purpose and beacon fires blazed everywhere. By a daring *ruse de guerre* he possessed himself of the fortress of Hall, eight miles from Innsbrück, with its Bavarian garrison 400 strong, the watchfires of the attackers being kept burning on one side of the town while the stormers stole quietly up to the gate on the opposite side. Delighted at the success of his brilliant *coup*, Speckbacher moved swiftly upon the Tyrolese capital. The formidable Bavarian garrison of Innsbrück had General Kinkell as Commandant, and his second in command was a Colonel Dittfürt who, during the preceding winter, had been guilty of wicked atrocities on the peasantry. Speckbacher's followers acted with such lightning rapidity that the Bavarian resistance seemed paralysed, notwithstanding the strength of the position. They were little used to guerilla tactics, yet the wing of the garrison under the notorious Dittfürt made a desperate resistance, that officer knowing he would receive short shrift if captured. Presently he was shot down, and

a Tyrolese detachment under Teimer from the other side of the Inn coming in to co-operate, the townsmen made a useful diversion in support of the attackers. Well assured that further resistance was by this time useless, General Kinkell surrendered the town and garrison at discretion.

It had taken less than a week for these concerted operations by the two liberation leaders to be brought to a triumphant issue. The "crowning mercy" was reserved for Hofer, who, directly he was advised of the fall of Innsbrück, fell upon Wrede's Franco-Bavarian army with the utmost fury.

Associated with Von Wrede in the command of this dispirited and half-demoralised force was General Brisson, who led the French contingent. Hofer came up with them in the neighbourhood of Sterzing, and, in the result, a surrender almost as complete as that of Napoleon's General Dupont in Spain the previous year took place. It is doubtful whether, in the whole history of this class of warfare, there has ever been a more thorough discomfiture. In addition to all the guns, horses and material of war, the two leading general officers, ten staff-officers, upwards of a hundred

lesser officers, 6000 infantry with seven guns and 800 horses and 1000 cavalry, became the prizes of the victors. Moreover, the French soldiers participating in this capitulation included some of the Emperor's best troops. Small wonder if the pious Tyrolese with thankful hearts prostrated themselves in prayer to their Saviour and the Blessed Virgin. Hofer promptly marched his prisoners down to Innsbrück and joined hands with Speckbacher; between them they had taken many thousands of prisoners. Hofer was appropriately named Governor of the Tyrol. He speedily replaced the great number of Bavarian officials who held public appointments, but all of these men, we are told, were treated with the utmost humanity save a tax-gatherer who had brutally sworn to "grind the people till they ate hay"—and he was punished by being made to digest (?) a sample of his own prescription.

There were many picturesque and striking incidents. The Imperial eagles of Austria were brought out, and with joyful tears one Tyrolean greybeard greeted them with the words: "Your feathers are grown again, old tail." In order to spare the life of a Bavarian

officer, a plucky peasant girl pretended to be his betrothed. The mortally wounded Colonel Dittfürt, who lay cursing and half-delirious, suddenly exclaimed: "Who led your forces yesterday?" "Nobody at all," was the reply, "each fought as best he knew how for his Emperor and Fatherland." "That's a lie," said the dying man, "I saw him distinctly; he was riding a white horse." It was immediately decided that St. James, Innsbrück's patron Saint, had fought for the cause of freedom on that glorious day.

The Austrians do not come well out of this business at all. By not so much as one man or gun had they assisted the gallant fellows who in a few brief brilliant days had cleared their loved homeland of the alien foe. Yet, now that the work was done for them and the enemy routed, Field-Marshal Von Chasteler and the Baron Von Hormayr arrived on the scene, the one to administer the military and the other the civil government of the Tyrol. Certainly it was good to be restored to the well-loved rule of Austria, but nothing could have exceeded the tactlessness—to put it mildly—of the officials of that Power. One General officer (Marschall) deemed it an indignity to

dine at the same table with Hofer, and very generally the Austrians conducted themselves with an air of swaggering superiority towards the brave men who, all unaided, had fought the good fight. It is satisfactory to add that the "superior" General Marschall was removed in favour of Count Leiningen, a prompt and resourceful officer. Napoleon, in his frantic rage, took the extraordinary step of declaring "one Chasteler, calling himself a General in the Austrian service," an outlaw.

There was little breathing space for the allies. Napoleon, astounded at the splendid successes gained by the peasants, detached a fresh and formidable force of invasion, and intelligence was brought into the patriots' camp that this army, under Generals Lemoine and Baraguay d'Hilliers, had entered the Tyrol by way of Trient.

In the engagement that ensued, Tyrolese and Austrian for the first time fought shoulder to shoulder. Marshal von Chasteler marched in person with Hofer, and by a happy combination of well-concerted movements they secured another complete victory. In this battle the Count Leiningen was nearly captured, but rescued by Hofer at the risk of his

own life. The General Baraguay d'Hilliers, who was associated with the French command, subsequently perished during the campaign of Russia, but his son rose to be a Marshal of the Empire under Napoleon III.

After the " check to the Grand Army " at the battle of Aspern-Essling, the Emperor Francis sent word into the Tyrol that nothing would ever induce him to desert his well-loved Tyroleans, and that he would conclude no treaty in which they did not participate. All this was well enough and heartening enough, and all through those long spring days and nights did Hofer and his coadjutors—Speckbacher, the devoted soldier-priest Haspinger, and Schenk, the landlord of the " Krug "—fight and fight again the hosts of their relentless enemies, French, Saxons, Bavarians.

Napoleon was now enabled to detach one of the ablest of his Marshals, Lefebvre—who had been created Duke of Dantzig for his reduction of that great fortress in 1807—at the head of a corps of French and Saxons, no less than 40,000 strong. He made short work of Chasteler's Austrians at Worgl, and these presently abandoned the unhappy country to

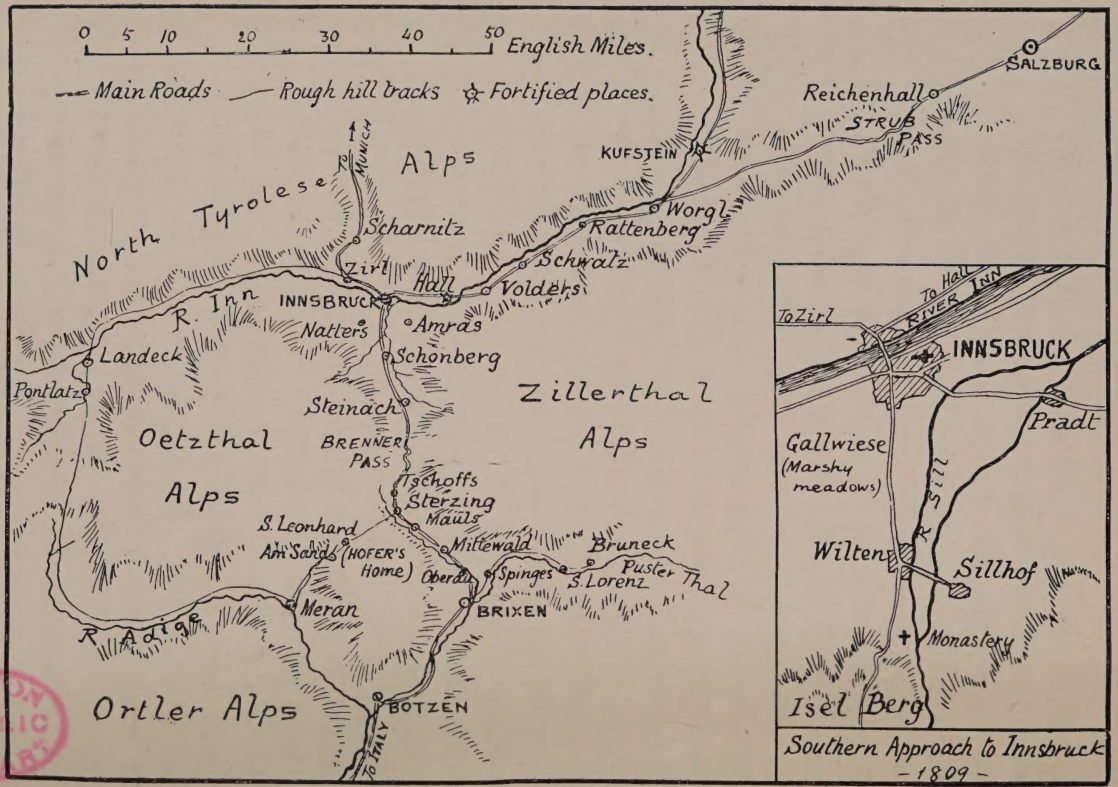
its fate. Yet even the fiery Lefebvre with all his resources could not make headway against the ubiquitous Hofer.

Altogether Innsbrück changed hands three times in four months. Marshal Lefebvre entered the place on May 19th, but a few days later left the conduct of affairs there to a veteran subordinate, General Deroy. On May 29th Hofer and Speckbacher, at the head of 18,000 Tyrolese, attacked Deroy's 12,000. In the thick of the fray a diversion was caused by a brave Tyrolean girl who was serving out wine to the men from a cask. A bullet passed right through the cask, when the girl, stopping the holes with her fingers, cried, "Now then, put your mouths to the holes and drink while you can." On Teimer coming up with a co-operating force, General Deroy was glad to march away to the Bavarian frontier under cover of night, and the peasant forces re-possessed themselves of Innsbrück. The month of June passed in quietude, but on July 6th Napoleon smashed the Austrians at Wagram, and on the 30th the Marshal Duke of Dantzig re-entered Innsbrück and lodged a peremptory demand for the surrender of the peasant leaders and a general laying down of arms, within

forty-eight hours. Hofer's rejoinder was to call his people to arms again—as usual with guerilla fighters, they had dispersed to their homes—and early on August 4th the peasants waited for Rouyer's division of Lefebvre's army to enter the gorge of Sterzing. When the leading regiment composed of Saxons were well into the defile they were the target for nearly a thousand concealed marksmen, while a mysterious voice was heard to ask whether he should "cut away yet." "Not yet," came the equally mysterious answer. A little later and the same voice exclaimed, "Now, John, in the name of the Holy Trinity!" and with that a vast mass of stones, trees and fragments of the mountain thundered down upon the dismayed invaders. At length, having lost 1300 out of 2000 by this avalanche and from the flying bullets, the remnant of the Saxons surrendered at discretion. It will be remarked that identically the same tactics were adopted by the mountaineers as at Brixen in April.

Nor did Marshal Lefebvre himself fare any better. Though at the head of 7000 troops with twelve guns, the veteran descended to the humiliation of clothing himself like a common soldier for fear the sharpshooters should pick

him off. Four days later saw him back at Innsbrück, having lost heavily in the repeated attempts to force the gorge. His retirement was dogged all the way by his brave and venturesome adversaries, and Speckbacher with his own hands captured a Bavarian officer. On Sunday, August 13th, commenced, after Father Haspinger had said mass, something in the nature of a final struggle for supremacy. The Franco-Saxo-Bavarian forces numbered about 20,000, the peasants not quite so many. Hofer made one of his rousing little harangues. "Are you all here, comrades?" said he. "Then we will advance. You have heard mass and taken your dram. In the name of God!" Fearful for his line of communications in case of defeat, Lefebvre detached a brigade under Count Arco (who, by the way, was killed). Though hard pressed during a long period of that bloody day, the splendid Tyrolese remained at nightfall in possession of the disputed ground. The Bavarian portion of the enemy alone sustained 2000 casualties, and this time Lefebvre was compelled to fall back right to Salzburg, losing many prisoners by the way. Hofer was now Governor and administrator of the Tyrol.



SCENE OF HOFER'S CAMPAIGN IN THE TYROL

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The treaty of Schonbrünn proved, however, the nail in the coffin of Tyrolese resistance. By it Austria re-ceded the Tyrol and other territories, and on October 30th Baron von Lichtenthurn arrived at Hofer's head-quarters bearing a missive from the Archduke John. It was to notify that the struggle with Napoleon was at an end, that their country had reverted to the Bavarians, and that they had better retire quietly to their homes! Can we wonder that this was a terrible blow to these brave men? They appeared prostrated by the news, and Hofer announced to Speckbacher, who was still fighting the Bavarians, that peace was made with France and the Tyrol forgotten.

And the man who had concluded this humiliating Treaty with Napoleon? Writing just a hundred years after the event, it may be of interest to set forth the proud list of titles, mainly hereditary, pertaining to the head of the "humble" House of Hapsburg-Lorraine:

"We, Francis Joseph, by the grace of God, Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, King of Lombardy and Venice, of Dalmatia, Croatia and Sclavonia, Galicia,

Lodomeria and Illyria; King of Jerusalem, Archduke of Austria, Grand Duke of Tuscany and Cracow, Duke of Lorraine, of Salzburg, Styria, Karinthia, Krain and the Bukovina; Grand Prince of Transylvania, Margrave of Moravia, Duke of Upper and Lower Silesia, of Modena, Parma, Piacenza and Guastalla, of Auschwitz and Tabor, of Teschen, Frione, Ragusa and Yara, Princely Count of Hapsburg, Tyrol, Kyburg, Gorg, and Gradiska; Prince of Trent and Briden, Margrave of the Upper and Lower Lausitz, Count of Hohenumbs, Feldkirch and Soneaberg, Lord of Trieste, Cattaro, and of the Windish Mark."

The intrepid leaders of the deserted peasants must have smiled grimly under their beards at this long-winded string of grandiloquent sounding but—to them—utterly empty distinctions. Anyway, they would fight to the last gasp.

On All Saints' Day, Hofer's old "friend the enemy," Von Wrede, took advantage of the celebration of that festival by the pious peasants to fall upon them at Berg Isel and cut them up badly. Even now, however, they would not own themselves worsted, and by dint of skilful manœuvring Hofer compelled

the surrender of twelve hundred French soldiers at St. Leonhard near his own home. This was in November, 1809, and it was a last gleam of success, for the great partisan leader's resources were at an end and a price was on his head. Early in December he was constrained to take to the mountains. In some sense his powers were failing under the perpetual strain, and he was a broken man. The secret of his hiding-place was known but to a few—even so, some wretch was found base enough to betray it for the sake of the blood-money. Hofer was taken across the snowy mountains to Mantua and there tried before the mockery of a "military commission." Most of the members of this tribunal were opposed to the death penalty being enforced, but the remorseless Man of Destiny willed it otherwise. He sent post-haste to order the execution of the Tyrolese patriot within twenty-four hours. This cruel murder of a gallant and too trusting foe is one of the innumerable blots on Napoleon's memory. Andreas Hofer was shot at Mantua on February 20th, 1810, refusing to have his eyes blindfolded. So died one of the greatest characters of his age, a true patriot and Christian and a great

soldier. At the head of his untrained band of heroic peasants, he had resisted the armed might of France and Bavaria for nearly a twelvemonth.

Joseph Speckbacher escaped with difficulty to Vienna, where he was received into the service of the Emperor Francis.

CHAPTER IV

GERMANY: SCHILL AND THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK

"Such was the deplorable condition into which Germany had now fallen," writes the historian Menzel of the state of affairs in 1807, "that self-degradation could go no further. The spirit of the sons of Germany began to rise, and with manly courage they sought by their future actions to wipe off the deep stain of their guilt and dishonour."

The gradual awakening of the German nation from the lethargy of unpreparedness, sloth and gross self-indulgence that had culminated in Napoleon's crushing victories of Iéna and Auerstädt in 1806, may be said to have been materially assisted by her irregular fighters in the field. Of these, two stand out head and shoulders above the rest—Ferdinand von Schill and Frederick William, Duke of Brunswick. The first-named was a professional soldier of considerable genius for war, whilst the Duke

of Brunswick's attitude towards the enemies of his country was distinguished by a personal hatred of the French despot so intense as to colour his every act in partisan warfare with a passion for revenge which it would be impossible to exaggerate. We shall presently see whether this vengeful hatred was well founded or not.

His father, Charles William Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick, had *not* a natural genius for war. His evil fortune and the fact that there was no other commander available, invested him, at the age of seventy-one, with control of the Prussian army destined to be so badly beaten by the French in 1806. The Duke's previous war record was by no means illuminating, for he had commanded the Austro-Prussian army which, destined for the restoration of Louis XVI in 1792, had been completely defeated by Dumouriez. So no wonder that Napoleon contemptuously compared him with the Austrian General Mack, whom he had captured at Ulm, adding, " The Prussians are more stupid than the Austrians." Incidentally, Napoleon's hatred of England made him hate the Duke because he was brother-in-law of George III and father-in-law of the English heir-apparent. At Auerstädt, on October 14th,

FREDERICK WILLIAM, DUKE OF BRUNSWICK

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1806, Brunswick had the sight of both eyes destroyed by a grape-shot, and ten days later the French were in Berlin. The aged and dying Duke petitioned Napoleon that in the pending disruption of the country he might be permitted to retain his hereditary State. The conqueror not only sent a savage and sneering refusal to this request, but his instant seizure of Brunswick obliged the Duke to be removed from thence, and he expired, an exile, on Danish territory. To the request of his son—the Duke of our present story—that he might be permitted to bury his sire in the tomb of his ancestors, the Emperor returned a not less insulting and vehement refusal. Then it was that the grief-stricken young Duke—he was aged thirty-five—vowed an eternal vengeance against Napoleon, who certainly does not emerge from this ugly episode in the most favourable of lights.

Himself trained to the business of arms, the young Duke Frederick William now cast about for the best means of fulfilling his vow to his dead father's memory. His own patrimony of Brunswick being in the possession of the enemy, he withdrew to Bohemia, and there commenced the raising and equipment of a

regiment of cavalry. Money was an initial difficulty, but here the Duke was favoured by the circumstance that his sister Caroline—the unhappy Queen Caroline of after years—was married to the Prince of Wales. Through her good offices English gold was speedily forthcoming for the equipment and maintenance of this contingent. It took the form of a picked body of two thousand Hussars. In memory of his dead father he clothed his troopers in black. The lace on their tunics was arranged to resemble the ribs of a skeleton, and on the front of their helmets appeared a grisly death's head—altogether a sombre but intensely impressive outfit.

This is the celebrated cavalry corps which became known and feared throughout Europe as The Black Brunswickers. The labour of love and death, involved in the recruiting and armament of this force, occupied the Duke far into the year 1808.

After the frightful disasters of 1806, which the gross blundering and egregious vanity of the Prussians had so largely brought upon themselves, their King commenced certain measures of internal reform which, if somewhat belated, worked great good. In carrying

them out he had the warm co-operation of his patriotic Minister, Von Stein, whose plans for Prussia's regeneration included the formation of a secret society to which he gave the title of "Tügend-Bund," or Union of Virtue. Leading spirits of this movement were Colonel Ferdinand von Schill, Professor Jähn, and Moritz Arndt, the brilliant author of the famous patriotic song, *Was ist der Deutschen Väterland?* and of the *Geist der Zeit*—whose literary outpourings, by the way, worked so effectively upon the national spirit for Prussian freedom that he was obliged to seek refuge in Sweden.

The Commander-in-Chief of the army, General Scharnhorst, secretly contrived to increase both the disposable forces and the artillery, whilst Dr. Jähn established in Berlin a school of gymnastics, and its pattern was followed in other cities—not really for "gymnastics" so much as to familiarise the ungilded youth with the use of arms.

But Napoleon's spies were everywhere. Presently the existence of the "Tügend Bund" was discovered, and Von Stein, Schill, and others proscribed. The tyrant also directed the dismissal of General Scharnhorst, and the

Chief of Police, Grüner, was likewise got rid of and replaced by a creature of Napoleon's.

In the bitter struggle for German emancipation which now waged for two or three years, the Duke of Brunswick fought gallantly and with varying success. His "BLACK BRUNSWICKERS," fighting under his personal direction, performed many a romantic and striking feat. Marching through Saxony, Hesse, and Hanover, the intrepid Duke defeated the French under Junot at Berneck and the Saxons at Zittau. Further victories were won at Halberstädt and in the Duchy of Brunswick itself, and a feat of brilliant daring was the surprise of Leipsic. It is impossible more than to summarise thus the complicated operations which made the fame of Brunswick ring throughout Europe.

The reverse to Napoleon's army at Aspern in the Austrian campaign of 1809 stimulated the spirit of the Prussian resistance. Brunswick re-entered Westphalia, General Amende moved against Saxony, and 5000 guerillas and regulars under Radivojivich overran Franconia. "Aspern has destroyed Napoleon's invincibility," announced the latter. "Arm for the cause of liberty, justice, and Austria,

to deliver Europe for the human race." And Brunswick himself issued a stirring proclamation: "Germans! Will you continue to combat Germans? Will you, whose mothers, wives, and sisters have been outraged by the French, shed your blood in their defence? It is your brothers who now invoke you—come to break your fetters to avenge the liberty of Germany. To arms then! Hessians, Prussians, Brunswickers, Hanoverians, all who bear the honourable name of Germans, unite for the deliverance of your Fatherland, to wipe away its shame and avenge its wrongs. Rise to deliver your country from a disgraceful yoke, under which it has so long groaned. The day of its emancipation has arrived." Nevertheless, when Napoleon's victory of Wagram followed his check at Aspern, it compelled Brunswick to seek refuge in England. "The Duke himself," says Alison, "was as simply dressed as any of his followers; he shared their fare, slept beside them on the ground, underwent their fatigues. These martial qualities, joined to the ascendant of a noble figure and unconquerable intrepidity, so won the hearts of his followers that they disdained to desert him even in the wreck of Germany's

fortunes after Wagram; they followed his standard with dauntless confidence across all Westphalia and Hanover, and lived to flesh their swords in the best blood of France on the field of Waterloo." Previous to that, however, Brunswick commanded a corps of 30,000 in the Allied army that invaded France in 1813–14.

It was perhaps of the fitness of things that this romantic career should close in fighting the legions of Napoleon, whose might the Duke had been opposing so manfully for the last decade. He fell on the well-worn field of Quatre Bras, June 16th, 1815, so that he did not live to enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that the Napoleonic sun had really set at last. At Quatre Bras the Duke coolly smoked his pipe as he rode along the line of his Brunswick Hussars, "a very gallant figure set in the front of the battle." He led a mixed brigade of German infantry and cavalry to the onslaught, but some of the latter (lancers) were young troops, who fled when opposed to the splendid French horsemen. It was in the noble work of endeavouring to rally his "young men" (as Blucher would have called them) that the Duke fell mortally wounded.

It happened to be at the crisis of Picton's battle, and anything might have happened to the Anglo-Belgian army just then. It is scarcely too much to say that Brunswick heroically sacrificed himself in the endeavour to prevent a panic. The gallant Foy was the opposing French General.

. . . . .

We have now to trace the brief but meteoric career of the other great guerilla leader in the revolt of Germania against her French conquerors. Ferdinand von Schill, born in 1773, was two years younger than Brunswick, and entered the Prussian army at the age of sixteen. In the cavalry he speedily attained the rank of Major, and received a severe wound at Iéna. In his division of the States of Germany among his relatives and satellites, Napoleon conferred the Kingdom of Westphalia upon his brother Jerome, and it was towards Westphalia that Schill directed his steps as soon as he perceived that his intentions were discovered. Without waiting for "permission" from the poor humbled King of Prussia —who would of course have felt compelled to refuse to sanction the enterprise—the brave

fellow managed to get together a brigade of hussar cavalry amounting to as much as 5000 sabres. He had for his watchword the motto, "*Better a terrible end than endless terror,*" and we shall see how nobly he lived up to this dauntless precept to the end.

In order to make good his scheme for a concerted movement in Westphalia for the expulsion of King Jerome and the French, Schill entered into a secret understanding with Colonel Dörnberg, one of the Prussian officers in Jerome's Guard. Unfortunately, however, the plot miscarried owing to its betrayal by a false friend of Dörnberg. The latter got safely away into England, but his papers, which, of course, were seized, contained numerous evidences of his treasonable (?) correspondence with Schill. Jerome promptly and energetically denounced the latter to his Majesty of Prussia, who had no choice but to renounce him also.

The heroic Schill, plainly perceiving that whatever he might do for his country's weal could now only have one end for himself, took the field with his corps of devoted hussars, and commenced a campaign which quickly assumed the dimensions of a "running fight."

For the forces of Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, were upon him on the one hand, and those of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, on the other—each in preponderating strength.

The partisan leader's plan of an " invasion " of Westphalia can scarcely be said to have even matured, for marching by way of Wittenberg and Halberstädt, he was rapidly turned back by the united armies of Jerome and Louis. After this he struck out northwards towards Weimar, but with a rapidly diminishing force. Failing to take Magdeburg, with its great arsenal of arms, he made for Stralsünd, conceiving that in this coast fortress (which had been captured by the French in 1807) an effective stand might be made. But the odds were too great. After a bitter and prolonged struggle, 6000 Dutch and Westphalians under General Gratien (here we have the unlovely spectacle, so often seen in these wars, of Germans fighting against their own countrymen) burst into the town. A desperate hand-to-hand encounter in the streets ensued. Fighting valiantly to the last, Schill split with his sabre the skull of the Dutch General Carteret before he himself fell mortally wounded—a better fate, after all, than to be reserved for the

tender mercies of Napoleon. For "this greatest of brigands branded all patriots who attempted the defence of their natural rights by that name." Those who were not killed surrendered, and, peremptorily refusing to recognise them as soldiers, the French Emperor caused eleven of Schill's officers to be shot as bandits at Wesel and fourteen more at Brunswick. The six hundred prisoners of the rank and file were, with consummate barbarity, consigned to the unthinkable horrors of the galleys at Toulon.

"All the volunteers in the Queen's Regiment," says Alison, "the noblest youths in Prussia, were conducted with a chain about their necks to the great depôt of galley slaves at Cherbourg, and there employed in hard work in the convict dress, with a 24-pound bullet round the ankles of each, amidst the common malefactors, without being permitted communication with their parents or their even knowing whether they were alive or dead. Eleven noble Prussians were in the first instance brought to Verdun as prisoners of war, but thence were speedily conducted to Wesel, where they were delivered to a military commission and sentenced to be shot. The

judgment was pronounced at noon, but before six in the morning their graves had been dug in the fosses of the citadel. When the executioners were about to bind one of the victims to his brother, he exclaimed, 'Are we not sufficiently bound by blood, and the cause in which we are engaged, to be spared this last act of insult?'"[1]

The death of Schill at Stralsünd took place on May 31st, 1809. No sooner had the French colours been hoisted on the walls than an English squadron appeared off the harbour. "Such," again remarks Alison, "is the value of time in war"—for if the British cruisers had arrived a few hours earlier the rising in the north of Germany, instead of being temporarily eclipsed, might have been extended over a very wide area.

Thus died, for the debased and humiliated "Fatherland" that had denounced and deserted him, Ferdinand Schill, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, and before the Duke of Brunswick had time or opportunity to co-operate with him. It is scarcely likely that Napoleon, the moral murderer of Brunswick's father, would have spared the lives of either

[1] *History of Europe*, volume xvi, 13.

of these brave men if he could have captured them. But, as we have seen, both of them fell on the battlefield. The record of few martial families, indeed, is comparable to that of the Dukes of Brunswick, "sixteen of whom died on the field of glory."[1]

[1] Sir E. Cust, *Annals of the Wars.*

CHAPTER V

SOUTH AMERICA : BOLIVAR AND MILLER

THE difficulties of the war of liberation "compelled him to assume a Dictator's power, but there is no proof that he was ever insincere in his devotion to liberty; and in the service of his country he not only gained no wealth, but freely spent his own large fortune." Such is the deliberate and unbiased opinion of posterity on Simon Bolivar, "El Libertador," the patriot who during the second and third decades of the nineteenth century, despite countless reverses and almost incredible hardships, engineered and superintended the mighty movement that led to the liberation of the South American continent from the yoke of Spain.

Born at Carácas, Venezuela, on July 24th, 1783, of a noble and wealthy family, Bolivar came over to Europe at an early age. He may be said to have been almost cradled in revolutionary arms, for during these years of his

adolescence he visited Paris and was an eye-witness of some lurid scenes in the French Revolution. In 1801 he returned home to Carácas and married, but his young wife died three years afterwards, and grief at her loss led to a repetition of his foreign travels. In 1809 we find Bolivar temporarily sojourning in the United States, closely observing their methods of government and the way in which their own revolution had been conducted. A democrat from the outset, young Bolivar—he was now only twenty-six years old—returned home for the third time, deeply imbued with the progressive doctrines which he had now seen in practice both in Europe and North America, and determined to die or succeed in bringing about the independence of Spanish South America.

He at once was placed, or placed himself, at the head of a little but growing party of revolutionaries pledged to the cause of freedom. The immediate sequel was an outbreak at Carácas in 1810, and on July 5th of the ensuing year the "independence" of Venezuela was "proclaimed," though for the moment little could be effected against the preponderating power of Spain. A visit to England by

Bolivar was unproductive of diplomatic result, and in 1812 Carácas was destroyed by a stupendous earthquake. Returning home again, the young General fought many a good fight, but in 1815, defeated by Morillo, he was compelled to fly to Jamaica, where he remained for some months. The hopes of the patriot party were at zero.

Even in the presumed safe shelter of a British Colony the exiled Liberator was not safe from his enemies. Already such was the magic of his name, and so great the fear of him, that the Spanish authorities hired a spy who bribed a negro to assassinate Bolivar. Unhappily for this wretched creature, he murdered Bolivar's secretary in mistake for the Liberator himself. The negro was arraigned at Port Kingston on the charge of murder, and was hanged there.

From Jamaica Bolivar went to San Domingo, whose black President accorded him the warmest support in his bitter struggle with the mighty power of Spain. Here also a wealthy Dutch shipbuilder, Brion by name, became so enamoured of the good cause that he devoted his life as well as his very considerable fortune to its furtherance. A flotilla

was fitted out, having the Island of Margarita for its base of operations against the Spanish power in Venezuela. It was certainly high time, for the infamous General Morillo—who after Bolivar's discomfiture in 1815 had been nominated by King Ferdinand of Spain to the supreme command against the waning cause of the Patriots—practised upon the inhabitants barbarities so unthinkable in their horror and repulsion that they cannot be set down here. Small wonder, then, that the little band of undaunted supporters of freedom solemnly decreed that this struggle must be "unto death." During Bolivar's enforced absence from the theatre of war, fine service was rendered by a remarkable and illiterate native herdsman of the pampás, Paez, who in later life and after many glorious victories rose to be President of the Venezuelan Republic. Bolivar likewise received the encouragement of considerable support in men and arms from England and Ireland. The Irish Legion that went out under General Devereux was 800 strong, and General English (one of Wellington's Peninsular veterans) arranged to take out 1200 picked men. The long struggle with Napoleon was, fortunately

for Bolivar, at an end, and there were a great number of " soldiers of fortune " of all nations literally " spoiling for a fight." An amusing and interesting account of a visit to the Liberator's head-quarters states that during the very hot weather Bolivar was in the habit of working in a condition of absolute nudity. This highly original method of doing official work is thus piquantly described : " There sat Colonel O'Leary, one of His Excellency's secretaries, with a small writing-desk in his lap, writing dispatches at the dictation of Bolivar, who was sitting on the edge of a large South American cot slung from the ceiling. To avoid the inconvenience of the heat, he was quite unencumbered with apparel or covering of *any* description, and was swinging himself violently by means of a coquita rope, attached to a hook driven into the opposite wall. Thus curiously situated, he alternately dictated to O'Leary and whistled a French Republican tune, to which he beat time by knocking his feet laterally. Seeing him so circumstanced and employed I was about to retire, when His Excellency called to me in very good English to enter and desired me to be seated if I could find anything to sit upon, which was not an

easy matter; but looking round the room I espied an old portmanteau, upon which I sat until he was disengaged."

It was not till 1819 that Bolivar felt prepared to assume the offensive at the head of his heterogenous but well-drilled and enthusiastic little array of 2500 South Americans, British, Irish, Germans, and others. Now it was that he realised his extraordinarily brilliant conception of crossing the mighty Andes and so striking the Spaniards in flank by way of New Granada. And everything went his way and fickle fortune favoured him. He had already dispatched a supply of muskets to the patriot General Santander, who was operating successfully and tirelessly against the Spaniards in that region. At starting Bolivar issued a manifesto to the inhabitants of New Granada, informing them that "the day of America has come—no human power can stay the force of Nature guided by Providence! Before the sun has again run its annual course, altars of Liberty shall rise throughout your land."

He was grandiloquent but prophetic. On June 11th, 1819, the Liberator and his troops joined hands with General Santander "at

BOLIVAR'S GREAT MARCH OVER THE ANDES

the foot of the Andes," having in the process to swim or ford no fewer than seven deep rivers. The enterprise had begun.

This memorable march across the Andes lasted nearly a month. So terrible were the privations endured that at one point the men wavered and murmured. But Bolivar, who had the good sense to harangue them at once, told them bluntly that still greater difficulties had to be conquered ere their goal was attained —would they continue the advance or not? The reply was unanimously in favour of going on. It must have been a weirdly picturesque sight, that ragged and ill-fed company struggling desperately onward and upward. "The snowy peaks of the Cordillera," says Mr. W. B. Robertson, "appeared in the distance, while instead of the peaceful lake through which they had waded, they were met by great masses of water tumbling from the heights. The roads ran along the edge of precipices and were bordered by gigantic trees, upon whose tops rested the clouds which dissolved themselves in incessant rain. After four days' march the horses were foundered; an entire squadron of *llaneros* deserted on finding themselves on foot. . . . As they

ascended the mountain the scene changed again. Immense rocks piled one upon another, and hills of snow, bounded the view on every side. Below lay the clouds veiling the depths of the abyss, while an ice-cold wind cut through the stoutest clothing. To make the scene more dreary yet, the path was marked out by crosses erected in memory of travellers who had perished by the way."

Their immediate objective was a position, covering the direct route into the town and province of Tunja, held by the Spanish Colonel Barreiro with about 2500 infantry and cavalry, and having substantial reserves behind him. This officer was in profound ignorance as to Bolivar's intention — most people, indeed, would have considered any attempt to pass the Andes at that inclement season the act of a madman and impracticable of success. When, therefore, the Liberator and his footsore handful burst over the mighty Cordillera and appeared in his front on July 6th, the Spaniard was lost in astonishment. Nevertheless he at once prepared to cope with the situation. Bolivar had private information that the people of Tunja were favourable to him, and he desired to take the town as speedily as

possible. The belligerent forces came in touch on July 25th, when a profitless success (which cost Colonel Rooke, commanding the British contingent, an arm) decided Bolivar to leave Barreiro in his rear and, by feints and countermarches, make for Tunja. Accordingly he entered that place on August 5th, made himself master of extensive stores and war material and, as the logical sequel to his bold move, rendered his opponent fearful for his communications. Barreiro, indeed, finding that he had no alternative but to fight, retired upon a place called Quemada. Here he gave battle to the Patriot army (August 17th, 1819) and — was decisively defeated and overwhelmed.

This engagement is known in history as the battle of Boyaça. It was not merely decisive of the fate of New Granada, but it rendered the position of the hated General Morillo—the would-be assassin of Bolivar—one of extreme peril and isolation in Venezuela. Barreiro himself became a prisoner of war, and in his fury and humiliation he broke his sword rather than give it up to the detested foe. With him surrendered some sixteen hundred of the rank and file and a great number of officers.

The loss to Bolivar's people was the astonishingly trifling one of thirteen killed and fifty-three wounded. The battle was really decided by means of the time-worn ruse of an ambush, a trap into which the Spaniards readily fell. So delighted was Bolivar with the behaviour of his English Legion, that he created everyone of them a member of the "Order of the Liberator." A few days afterwards he entered the capital, Bogóta, and the cause of freedom was completely triumphant.

With Venezuela, Ecuador and Colombia gloriously freed from the Spanish domination, Bolivar felt at liberty to lead his victorious and much-strengthened army across the Peruvian frontier by the close of 1823. In an impassioned speech to the National Assembly at Lima, the Liberator solemnly told his hearers that the troops who had "come from the Plate, the Maule, the Magdalena, and the Orinoco as the deliverers of Peru" would not desist until the Peruvians were similarly a free nation. And in June, 1824, he entered the field at the head of 10,000 foot and 200 horse, his head-quarters being established at Truxillo. The Spanish forces were in about equal strength, but were much scattered

BOLIVAR'S MARCH ACROSS THE ANDES

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pending the calling in of various detachments ; their most capable commander was General Canterac. Reviewing his motley but enthusiastic and well-seasoned little army—there were adventurers of all nations, most notably Britons who had fought in the wars with France—amid the sublime scenery of the Cordilleras, the Deliverer spoke as follows :

" Soldiers ! You are about to complete the greatest undertaking Heaven has confided to man—that of saving an entire world from slavery.

" Soldiers ! The enemies you have to overthrow boast of fourteen years of triumphs—they are therefore ready to measure their swords with ours, which have glittered in a thousand combats.

" Soldiers ! Peru and America expect from you Peace, the daughter of Victory. Even liberal Europe beholds you with delight, because the freedom of the New World is the hope of the universe. Will you disappoint it ? No, no, no ! You are invincible."

This was on August 2nd. Shortly afterwards, the enemy under General Canterac advanced upon Bolivar, but only a cavalry battle took place at this time. In what

must have been a smart affair, the lance and sabre were both employed. The Patriots had all the best of the argument, and while they lost a mere handful of men the Spaniards had to mourn 18 officers and 345 men killed or wounded and 80 captured, in addition to a vast number of desertions. Canterac was compelled to fall back to Cuzco, his original base. After this Bolivar's troops failed to get in touch with an always retreating foe, and in October he left the army to the care of his second in command, Sucre, and himself went to Lima in order to hurry up reinforcements. As therefore he was not present in person at the approaching battle, I shall only describe it in brief.

After Bolivar's departure, General Sucre took council with his three principal officers, Lara, La Mar, and the gallant Englishman General Miller. The result of their deliberations was a decision to disregard the Dictator's instructions as to not fighting, and to endeavour to prevent a junction between Canterac and the Spanish Governor-General, Laserna. Eventually, after two solid months of marching and countermarching, the opposing forces came together on the rolling plains of

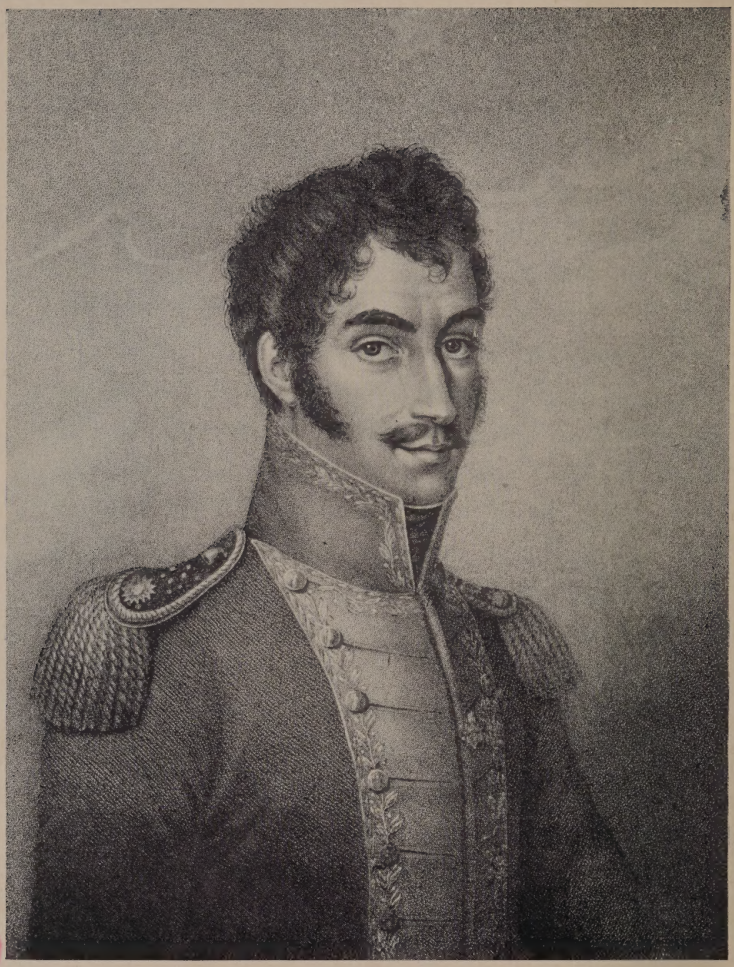
Ayacucho, 11,000 feet above the sea-level. The Spaniards had, however, formed junction, and Laserna's army numbered nearly 10,000 as against the less than 6000 of the Patriots; but, as a set-off to this preponderance, there were numerous desertions from the Spanish strength.

As the armies joined battle General Sucre exclaimed: "Soldiers! Remember that upon you depends the fate of South America." And one of his brigade commanders, Cordova, as if in emulation of Warwick the King-maker at Barnet in 1471, killed his charger in full view of his men, remarking: "There lies my last horse—I have now no means of escape, and we shall fight it out together. Onward then, with the step of conquerors!" The bayonets crossed in the charge, and the Spaniards broke. Quite early in the conflict the Viceroy Laserna himself was wounded and captured, but a turning movement conducted by General Valdez threatened to change the fate of the day until counteracted by a brilliant cavalry charge led by Miller. Eventually the battle ended in a complete victory for the Patriots, and Canterac was glad to come to terms. For miles, we are told, the

landscape was strewn with the silver helmets of the Spanish hussars. As against a loss of 370 killed and 609 wounded in the ranks of the victors, the Spanish had 1400 officers and men killed, 700 wounded, and 3200 men and 550 officers taken prisoners. On the winning side fought General Francis O'Connor, the brother of Fergus O'Connor.

Bolivar was naturally delighted with the victory of Ayacucho, only regretting his own absence therefrom. This brilliant battle took place on December 9th, 1824, and it was decisive of the liberation of Peru. As long previously as April, 1818, the freedom of Chili had been brought about by the celebrated San Martin's crushing defeat of General Osorio in the great battle of Maipo, when only *fourteen* of the enemy had escaped to tell the tale of defeat.

So admirable a summary of these rather confused operations has been given by M. Reclus that I reproduce a portion of it in his own words: "More than once the patriotic party seemed on the point of being crushed, and the cause of the Revolution was seriously endangered by the earthquake which destroyed Carácas in 1812. The indirect consequences of this



SIMON BOLIVAR

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disaster were even more deplorable than the catastrophe itself. It prolonged the ruinous war for years and intensified its horrors. The event having taken place on Holy Thursday, the first anniversary of the declaration of independence, the priests—nearly all of whom belonged to the Spanish party—declared that the hand of God had wrought the mischief in order to crush the Revolution. Most of the towns besieged by the Spaniards fell into their hands, and Miranda (General-in-Chief of the insurgents) capitulated, leaving the remains of Carácas to its old masters. But the Revolution broke out again, thanks especially to foreign aid. Owing to its geographical position in relative proximity to the Antilles, North America, and Europe, Venezuela received more volunteers from abroad than any of the other revolted provinces. As many as 9000 English, Americans, and French are said to have served in her armies, in addition to a thousand blacks from Hayti. But the same geographical position also facilitated the landing of Spanish troops. The issue might have been long retarded but for the action of the *llaneros*, the cowboys of the *llanos*—who at a critical moment joined the

Revolution and, under their leader Paez, introduced a system of guerilla tactics against which the resources of regular warfare proved ineffectual. After eleven years of incessant struggle the battle of Carobobo put an end to the Spanish dominion, and the former "*capitaneria*" of Carácas became an integral part of the great Republic of Colombia, which also included Ecuador and New Granada. In the collective war of emancipation the merit of final success was largely attributed to Simon Bolivar. Every town in Venezuela has perpetuated the memory of the Liberator by naming some street or erecting some public monument in his honour."

The melancholy fact remains that Bolivar found it considerably more easy to emancipate his native country than to govern it. For a very few years he endeavoured to rule over the new Republic with the power and insight of an enlightened and benevolent despot. But on every hand ingratitude and intrigue appear to have dogged the footsteps of the warm-hearted Dictator who had dared and done so much for Venezuela. Shattered in health and disillusioned in ideals, he passed away at San Pedro on December 17th, 1830, a prema-

turely old man at forty-seven. Twelve years afterwards his remains were removed to the capital, and there interred with much solemnity and splendour. The centenary of his birth was made the occasion of great public rejoicings in 1883. The Republic of Bolivia, whose freedom from Spanish rule was achieved only some five years before his death, was christened after South America's greatest soldier-statesman—in every sense of the word the George Washington of his country.

I have just referred to the bitter disillusionment of the Liberator's later life and the shattering of his undoubtedly cherished plan for a united "Empire of the Andes" with himself as its dictator. Writing to General Flores of Ecuador, Bolivar said: "America is for us ungovernable. He who dedicates his services to a Revolution ploughs the sea. The only thing that can be done in South America is to emigrate. This country will fall into the hands of the unbridled rabble, and little by little will become a prey to petty tyrants of all races and colours. Devoured by all possible crimes and ruined by our own ferociousness, Europeans will not deem it worth while to conquer us. If it were possible for any part

of the world to return to primitive chaos that would be the last stage of Spanish America."

. . . . .

The name of General William Miller must ever be bracketed with those of Bolivar, San Martin, Cochrane, and O'Higgins in the story of South American independence. He was a man of Kent—the county of Wolfe and Amherst, names brilliant in the war-story of America—and was born at Wingham in 1795. His career in the British army, until the fall of Napoleon left him an idle man, comprised much of the severest fighting in the Spanish Peninsula as well as a share in our silly and useless war with the United States. Having fought shoulder to shoulder with Spanish soldiers, he was now destined to fight against them.

Miller landed in South America in the autumn of 1817, and at once placed his sword at the disposal of San Martin. That great soldier promptly assigned him to a captaincy in the Army of the Andes, and though he had not the good fortune to be present at the decisive victory of the Maipo, he speedily found himself engaged elsewhere. At the some-

what discreditable action of Canchatayáda, in the spring of 1818, it was due only to Captain Miller's prompt gallantry and resource that two guns were saved from the rout. For this he was rewarded with a majority, and shortly afterwards we find him temporarily associated with the redoubtable Cochrane off Valparaiso. Each was a man after the other's heart, and Cochrane was delighted to have such a soldier in command of the marines of the little squadron designated for the blockade of Callao. In an abortive attempt against the port of Pisco, Miller received three terrible gunshot wounds. One of these permanently disabled his left hand, a second wounded his right arm, while a third passed out at his back after fracturing one of his ribs. No wonder that "his life was despaired of." Yet this indomitable hero was out and about again in nine weeks, "singeing the King of Spain's beard" to good purpose and utterly destroying a Royalist force at Pampá. For these notable services and honourable wounds he was promoted Colonel.

After this, many weary but crowded months of long marches, minor battles, and severe privations were succeeded by his appointment

as Chief of Staff to Bolivar. In assigning him to this flattering position the latter wrote : " I have for a long time desired to know you personally, for your services have assured to you the gratitude of every American who is a lover of liberty and merit."

The campaign of 1824 opened with a Royalist check at Junin, where, however, Miller's cavalry failed to make much impression on the Spanish masses. His friend Colonel Sowersby, mortally wounded, addressed him in the following affecting terms : " My dear Miller, we took arms in this cause on the same day, and we have often fought side by side. You have witnessed my conduct—you are my oldest friend in the service. I am too feeble to say much—you see what is likely to happen to me. Write to my good old father and mother, and tell them I fell in a glorious cause." A sacred charge which, we may be very sure, was faithfully carried out by General Miller.

Although he had unfortunately missed participation in the victory of Maipo, Miller was destined to play an important rôle in the still greater one of Ayacucho. Canterac admitted the fortune of war, remarking, " General Miller ! How strange is this dream ! Who

would have said twenty-four hours ago that I should have been your guest? But this harassing war is now over, and to tell you the truth we are all heartily sick of it." Another distinguished prisoner, General Valdez, spoke in pretty much the same sense, describing Miller as a *brujo* (wizard), "going here, there, and everywhere without our being able to penetrate his designs."

Though he did not quit the soil of South America for perhaps a twelvemonth after this final victory, Miller's work for the good cause was at an end. It only remained for him to pay a round of visits, receiving the warmest of encomiums from Bolivar, San Martin, and the other leaders in freedom's cause. He also received grants of land and other presents, but it is doubtful to what extent a man of his high character and absolute disinterestedness would avail himself of such privileges. He probably valued much more highly the honour of the freedom of Canterbury, conferred upon him shortly after he returned to his native land in July, 1826. Paying a pleasure visit to the Continent at a slightly later date, he was entertained in Milan at a public banquet by a number of the

most distinguished officers in the Austrian military service.

"South America will always claim General Miller," wrote Bolivar, "as one of the most glorious of her sons." His chivalrous instincts and unconquerable self-surrender invested with a peculiar gracefulness and charm all that he achieved in the cause for which he fought and bled.

There are plenty of romantic and other stories concerning General Miller, but we will content ourselves with one. During one of his South American campaigns he was accompanied by an amazon of ferocious aspect and uncertain age. She rode astride by Miller's side and gave him much useful information concerning the enemy's movements. She had devoted her whole fortune to the patriot cause, and she "wore large silver spurs, could manage the most restive horse, and was able to throw the lasso with any of her muleteers. Her voice was louder than a boatswain's and as shrill as his pipe." Miller treated her with an old-world courtesy that she appreciated, and the sequel is interesting. Long after they had parted company the General, in the neighbourhood of Lima, noticed a beautiful

and picturesque estate. "Whose property is that?" he asked of a countryman. "It is the Señor Miller's," replied the man. "Who, then, is this namesake of mine?" asked Miller. "It is yourself, sir," rejoined the man, "and my mistress vows she will have no other heir." Whether General Miller ever entered into possession of this generously-bestowed property I am unable to say.[1]

[1] He returned to Peru and was made Gran Marischal in 1834, and later Commandant-General, but was deprived of his rank in 1834, reinstated in 1845, and died at Callao while on a visit in 1861.

CHAPTER VI

NORTHERN AFRICA: ABD-EL-KADER

THE long and chequered struggle waged by the armies of King Louis Philippe in North Africa in the thirties and forties, with the object of establishing a French Protectorate over Algeria, is illumined by the potent personality of one great outstanding figure, dwarfing and obscuring all the rest, and elevating to a very high level indeed the partisan warfare of the Moslem against the Frankish usurper. The tyrannical government of the Sultan of Algiers had been badly shaken by the bombardment of his capital by a British fleet under Lord Exmouth in 1816. But it was not until 1830—the year of the Revolution in France, which hurled Charles X from the throne and replaced him by Louis Philippe—that a French fleet and army appeared off Algiers, compelled the surrender of the place, and, it was fondly anticipated, closed a rule of military despotism and naval

terrorism. To this end, an army commanded by General, afterwards Marshal, Clausel was sent out to take possession of the country. The army that took Algiers in 1830, by the way, was commanded by the General Bourmont who had so basely betrayed Napoleon at Waterloo—a service for which he was rewarded with a Peerage by the Bourbons.

But the French authorities had omitted to reckon with the power of ABD-EL-KADER, the Emir of Oran. He came of a priestly stock, and therefore was able to preach that most effective of all doctrines in a Moslem country—the *jehad* or Holy War. Sidi-el-Hadji-Abd-el-Kader-Uled-Mahiddin was born at Mascara in 1807, and was able to trace back an illustrious lineage to the Caliphs of Fatima. His father before him held the priestly power which he was destined to wield so skilfully, and his election by the combined tribes as Emir of Oran made him generalissimo of their forces in the struggle against France—a struggle which he was destined to direct with varying fortune for the next fifteen years.

The first to measure swords with him was Clausel, and that skilled soldier of the Napoleonic wars—he had been wounded at Sala-

manca, where he was second in command to Marmont—could make little headway against guerilla tactics. For, as an able military writer points out, Abd-el-Kader "grasped intuitively the conditions. He recognised that his soldiers could not safely meet the trained soldiers of France in open battle. His personal ascendancy over the warlike nomads of the South and the wild Berber hillmen enabled him to play the strategist from wherever his wandering abode might be over a vast extent of country. For years his bold and sudden strokes bewildered the French leaders. He had full information of their slow, deliberate movements. He cut communications and swept away convoys." Clausel could make little or no progress, and his first campaigns are chiefly memorable for his enrolment of regiments of natives for service on the border. These organisations received the general name of Zouaves, from the Arabic *Zouaoua*. These Zouaoua were a fierce, more than quasi-independent race, somewhat resembling the Riff tribesmen of to-day, in that they acknowledged no real sovereignty. When recruited they were, of course, officered by Frenchmen, these including the famous Lamoriciére, Mollière,

Vergé, and Levaillant. The command of the first battalion was assigned to the brave Maumet, and that of the second to Captain (afterwards General) Duvivier.

Scarcely six weeks after being enrolled, the Zouaves took part in an expedition to Medeah, exhibiting excellent qualities in this their baptism of fire. They remained to garrison Medeah together with a tiny detachment of line troops, and they were constantly harassed by the enemy. Hearing no word from head-quarters, and having beaten off numerous assaults, they evacuated the place early in 1831. Consequent upon a "misunderstanding" with the authorities at Paris, Clausel returned home to be raised to the rank of Marshal. He left the Bey in authority at Medeah, but shortly after, an expedition under General Berthezène had to go to the Bey's assistance. On the return march of this column its rear-guard was assailed and Berthezène shot dead. But the 2nd Zouaves, led by Duvivier, rushed to the threatened point with their shrill war-cry, and all day long these fine soldiers covered the rear until the column arrived at Mouzaia. The enemy had not captured a single trophy.

Abd-el-Kader next gained a brilliant victory over the French in what is known as the battle of Makta, when he cleverly expedited his pursuit of them by mounting 1500 infantry behind horsemen. It was about the time of this French reverse that the growing hostility of the Arabs put a period to the recruiting of the Zouaves, and presently it was determined to encamp the " Army of Africa " close up to Algiers. Marshal Clausel came back in 1835 as Governor-General of Algeria. His trained eye was quick to perceive the value of the contingent he had himself enrolled, and he immediately included it in a great expedition against Abd-el-Kader. This enterprise was not very successful, though in another against Mascara (the birthplace of the Emir) the green-turbaned Zouaves fought under the eye of the Duc d'Orléans. The Algerian war was made up of similar " expeditions," and the province was costing France not only a huge annual expenditure, but many valuable lives by sickness and the sword. The Zouaves were divided into two battalions of six companies each, with power of increment up to ten companies each.

Early in 1836, a third expedition was directed against Medeah. This time Marshal Clausel

was more familiar with the natural difficulties of the defile of Mouzaia, which Abd-el-Kader again defended with the utmost obstinacy. But the Zouaves stormed those rocky heights, where they could easily defy the enemy's efforts. Nevertheless, the Marshal's failure to reduce the fortress of Constantine led to his resignation of the African command, and he died in retirement in 1842.

Constantine, the principal city of Eastern Algeria, has a remarkable history. More than two thousand feet above sea-level, it is perched upon a chalk rock flat at the summit, and washed by a stream which flows away through a deep ravine, so that its character for inaccessibility in the old days must have been well deserved. The place held out successfully against the Vandals, but was stormed by the Arabs in A.D. 710. It was a prize worth the winning, and Clausel's successor in the command, Marshal Valée, marched in force against Constantine in 1837, piloted by a Zouave battalion under the Duc de Nemours. A regular siege was resorted to, and in the assault that followed our turbaned friends suffered heavily. Colonel Combès was killed, Lamoricière was as usual in the thick of the

fray, and many officers were maimed or burned by the terrifie explosion that took place. The storming of Constantine closed the first phase of the struggle for Algeria, the Treaty of Tafna guaranteeing to France the maritime portions of the province. Marshal Valée at once set about appointing military governors, " civilising " the people by the establishment of schools of instruction, etc. The " Army of Africa " at this time mustered 40,000 men under arms.

A pressing danger now menaced the existence of the Zouaves as a French organisation—the danger of defection. The preaching of Abd-el-Kader's *jehad* so worked upon their fanatical minds that some of them deserted, and carried to him the benefit of their military training ; these deserters were subsequently seen at the head of the Emir's forces, but happily the mischief was checked. After a hard winter, during which, however, they were reinforced from home, the French started to carry the war into Abd-el-Kader's country, and some tough fighting followed. By the middle of 1840 they had reduced several fortified towns. Many heroic incidents are recorded—Captain Gautrin suffered the amputation of two fingers

rather than quit command of his Zouaves, and on another occasion the French, finding their ammunition run short, rained down rocks and stones on the picked troops of the Emir.

Yet the resistance of Abd-el-Kader was only by way of being "scotched," not "killed." It was felt in Paris that one man could perhaps cope with the situation in Northern Africa. This was General Bugeaud ("*père*" Bugeaud, as his men affectionately styled him), who had won his spurs under the great Napoleon and could boast considerable experience of guerilla tactics in Spain. He now had to confront an adversary who was a living embodiment of the Arab saying, that "war is stratagem applied by force." From the start Bugeaud fought him with his own weapons of the ruse, the raid, and the ambush. Indeed, shortly after his arrival in Algeria in 1841, the General carried out a successful ambuscade at Takdempt by concealing a portion of his force. "*Il se bat quand il veut, il cherche, il poursuit l'ennemi, l'inquiète, et se fait craindre,*" St. Arnaud admiringly wrote of his leader. And Bugeaud's own words to his Generals when he called them together to discuss his new plan of fighting the guerillas with quick-moving columns

alertly handled, were, "*Vous aurez beaucoup à oublier.*" From the time of "*Père* Bugeaud's" advent, the power of Abd-el-Kader began to decline. It is noteworthy that four Royal Princes of France participated in the subjugation of the Emir, viz., the Duc d'Orléans, the Duc de Nemours, the Prince de Joinville, and the Duc d'Aumale.

The Treaty of Tafna, which Bugeaud managed to conclude with the enemy, was a semi-triumph for the latter, inasmuch as it confirmed Abd-el-Kader in the government of Western Algeria, though he recognised the nominal suzerainty of France. The meeting between Bugeaud and the Emir on this occasion must have been both picturesque and amusing. Each was anxious to maintain his dignity. The Arab, for instance, would not dismount until the French generalissimo had done so, after which they sat together in the open and conversed. Again, when the audience terminated Abd-el-Kader did not offer to rise, but this proved too much for the fiery Frenchman, who made the interpreter explain that "when a French General rises you should rise too." Describing the meeting subsequently to the Senate in Paris, Bugeaud humorously

said, " While my interpreter was translating the words, I took Abd-el-Kader by the hand and lifted him up. He was not very heavy." Bugeaud was ever ready to share the privations of his brave troops. He had risen from the ranks, having actually enlisted as a soldier in the Grand Army, so that he was a living example of the familiar saying, that the Marshal's bâton may be found in the soldier's knapsack. He had reached Colonel's rank when he fought at Waterloo ; after the Revolution in Paris of 1830 he became a General ; and some six years later, when about fifty, went out to Algeria. There are many good campaigning stories about him. Perhaps the best, as it is the most familiar, refers to a night attack on the camp. The General, unceremoniously aroused from sleep, rushed out of his tent to find, after the attack had been beaten off, that he was still wearing his night-cap. Amid shouts of laughter from the troops, their commander called for his " casquette " to be brought, and this so delighted the Zouaves that they forthwith composed a doggerel ditty, with the refrain :

" As-tu vu la casquette
Du Père Bugeaud ?"

It was obvious that the Treaty of Tafna was of the hollowest description, and could not last long—in all likelihood the Gallic conquerors of Northern Africa did not intend it to last. After various reprisals on the part of Frank and Arab, Bugeaud, now created a Marshal of France, returned to the scene of his former triumphs, this time with plenary powers as Commander-in-Chief and Governor-General of Algeria. It was to be a conquest this time, not a Protectorate, and Abd-el-Kader's guerilla tactics were to be put to their severest test. Certainly Bugeaud was the man to cope with the situation—he knew by this time how to make war in that savage land, and he was well supported from home. It was now the era of steamships, and the veteran Marshal used to coast along from Algiers to any given point, in a small vessel that always had steam up. He "organised his forces in small, compact columns—a few battalions of infantry, a couple of squadrons of cavalry, two mountain-howitzers, a small transport train on mule and camel back; as speed was the first consideration he employed only picked men, those inured to the climate and to fatigue. A strip of canvas served as haversack, but was un-

sewn ; three of these could be joined together and thus form a shelter for three men. This was the origin of the famous *tente d'abri*, the only form of encampment for a large portion of the French army in the Crimea." By these admirable methods of celerity, the Marshal won success after success over the wild followers of the Emir.

Abd-el-Kader was acclaimed, by no less an authority than Marshal Soult, as one of the only three men then living (in 1843) " who could legitimately be called great "—the other two being Mehemet Ali and the illustrious opponent of Russian aggression, Schamyl. It is, I must think, an interesting coincidence that all three of these apostles of liberty were Mohammedans. One of his French prisoners described Abd-el-Kader as " very small in stature, with a long, deadly-pale face, and languishing eyes, an aquiline nose, small, delicate mouth, thin, dark chestnut beard, and slight moustache. He had exquisitely formed hands and feet, which he was continually washing and trimming with a small knife." The Emir was only twenty-four when he first took up arms against the French, and though repulsed from Oran he waged a more or less

successful struggle for four years. It was not until he encountered Bugeaud that the star of Abd-el-Kader really dwindled, for the Marshal also maintained a personal ascendancy over his troops, dissimilar of course, but not unworthy to be compared with that exercised so ably by the Arab.

There were many young, gallant, and highly trained officers in the army of occupation, and none more so than the dashing Duc d'Aumale, son of the King Louis Philippe. He was at this time only five-and-twenty, and as dare-devil as he was chivalrous. The young Duc's chance arrived when word was brought in that Abd-el-Kader's *smala*—or vast, movable head-quarters-camp containing his wives, his booty, his horses, and a whole army of women and retainers—presented a fine opportunity for attack. The Duc d'Aumale, with but six hundred worn-out troopers, had travelled continuously for thirty hours when this chance presented itself. A great chance it certainly was, for Abd-el-Kader subsequently stated that *sixty thousand* persons were in his *smala* at the moment the blow was struck! Disdaining more prudent counsels, which would have delayed attack (for his nearest supports

THE CAPTURE OF ABD-EL-KADER'S "SMALA"

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were nearly twenty miles away), the Duc with his six hundred sabres rode straight at the dusky foe. Their success was stupendous, almost paralysing, in its completeness. The "bag" of some 4,000 prisoners included Abd-el-Kader's mother and his principal wife and a vast treasure. Well might St. Arnaud, who was present in Algeria at the time (afterwards the French commander in the Crimea, where he witnessed another and widely different charge of a "six hundred"), write of the brilliant *coup de guerre* that "it was good—it was brave—it was magnificent." Better than all, from an invader's point of view, its moral effect upon the waning cause of Abd-el-Kader could not be over-estimated. "A *smala*," says a military authority, "is the name given in Algeria to a nomad settlement—an assemblage of families or clans, or even at times of whole tribes, which moves from place to place in search of sustenance or safety; with it go the camels and herds which form its principal wealth. The General-in-Chief had ascertained the approximate position of the *smala*, far beyond the chain of defensive posts which at that time marked the limits of French sway, and he resolved on a combined movement to

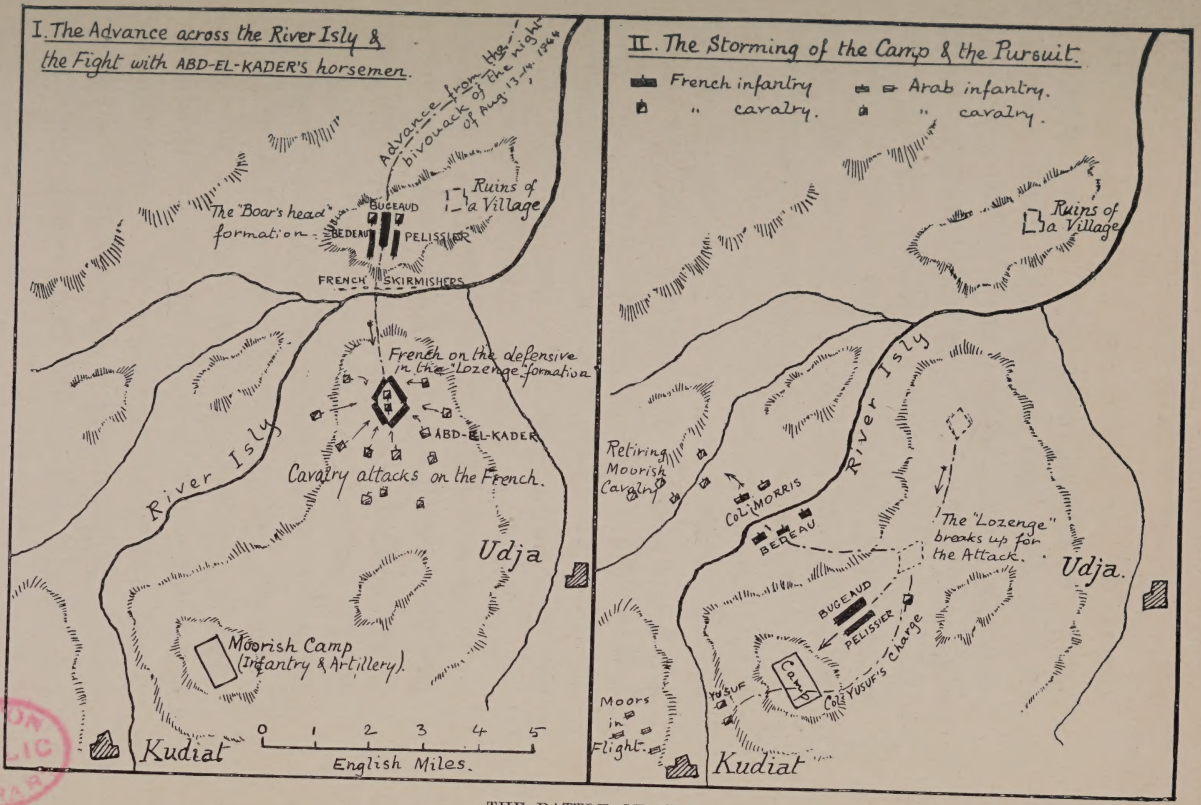
attack it. The Duc d'Aumale's column consisted of 600 cavalry and 300 foot-soldiers. The mounted portion, pushing on ahead of the less mobile infantry, came suddenly on the great gathering just as it was taking up new camping-ground, after one of its periodic changes of position; Abd-el-Kader himself happened not to be present, but 5000 of the Emir's regular troops were on the spot. The Duc resolved on a bold stroke. Without waiting for his infantry, without heeding the vast superiority of the hostile force, he attacked with his squadrons, profiting by the confusion in the *smala* and by the circumstance that his appearance on the scene was wholly unexpected. His success was complete—the enemy was utterly routed—numbers of prisoners were taken—and immense booty in camels, sheep, and cattle was secured. And the banners and the treasure of the great nomad chieftain fell into the hands of this insignificant body of cavalry. The most decisive reverse suffered by Abd-el-Kader throughout the years of his struggle with the conquerors of Algeria was inflicted in what was almost an accidental encounter with a few troops of horse." [1]

[1] Callwell's *Small Wars*, pp. 60, 61.

The loss of his headquarters-camp precipitated the flight of the intrepid but now despairing Emir into Morocco, where during the winter of 1843–4 he obtained the powerful support and co-operation of Abder-Rhaman, the Emperor of that province. Bugeaud promptly sent word to the Moroccan potentate that he must dissociate himself from Abd-el-Kader. The inevitable negative being received, the French General took the initiative without reference to his government at Paris. He moved in the direction of the River Isly, on the borderland of Morocco and Algeria, where the Moorish army was believed to be concentrating. This happened in the month of June, 1844. Meanwhile the Prince de Joinville, the Duc d'Aumale's brother, was operating with a French fleet off the Moroccan coast. He subjected Tangier to a severe bombardment, and sent off post-haste to acquaint Bugeaud of this fact. "Prince," replied the veteran Commander-in-Chief, "you have drawn a bill upon me, and I hereby engage to honour it. To-morrow I shall execute a manœuvre which will bring me within touch of the Emperor's army before he is aware of it. The day after, I shall defeat him!"

Rarely has a prediction been so precisely verified. "The day after" was in this case August 14th, 1844, and on that date the French routed the vastly superior forces of Morocco in the great battle of Isly—one of the most decisive conflicts ever fought on African soil. Abd-el-Kader, though near at hand, was not actually on the battlefield, and the Moorish army, estimated at 45,000 strong (nearly all horsemen), was commanded by the Sultan's son.

The night before the battle, Marshal Bugeaud's chief interpreter, M. Léon Roche, had taken the responsibility of arousing his master from sleep in order that he might communicate to his officers his plan for crushing the enemy on the morrow—a sufficiently informal proceeding, but quite welcome to the volatile commander. He briskly explained that although they would be only 6500 infantry and 1500 cavalry against 50,000 of the foe, he felt certain of victory. "You see," said the old war-horse, "they are a mob, while we are an army. We shall be in the form of a boar's head, of which the right tusk will be General Lamoricière, the left tusk General Bedeau, the muzzle General Pélissier, and I myself shall be the ears." It fell out



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THE BATTLE OF ISLY

exactly according to this prediction. Bugeaud's "boar's head" formation proved a signal success—there was, indeed, only one anxious moment, when Colonel Morris with 500 Chasseurs d'Afrique had to hold at bay some 6000 of the wild Moorish horsemen. Eventually nearly 1500 of the enemy were killed or captured, and a huge quantity of material of war became the property of the victors.

And Abd-el-Kader himself? The famous partisan got away for the moment, but the terms of peace exacted by France from the ruler of Morocco made a first and essential condition the immediate expulsion of the unfortunate Emir. The day after Isly, he being reported but a day's march distant, General Yusuf with his Spahis made an energetic attempt to effect his capture. Yusuf, who was an Arabian ex-slave in the French service, cleverly disguised a number of his troopers in native dress and started in pursuit. Though his surprise was effected the wily chief got away again, however, leaving a high official and some documents in the hands of the pursuers. It would be unprofitable to attempt to follow his wild wanderings over mountain, desert, and flood, with a price on

his head, and a mere handful of devoted adherents. It says much for the zeal and loyalty of these brave men that for *three years* after the battle of Isly Abd-el-Kader remained at large. Even in the end he was not taken, but came in and surrendered to the Duc d'Aumale (December 22nd, 1847), who, fittingly enough, had succeeded his old commander as Governor-General of the province. By him Abd-el-Kader was treated with all honour and courtesy, and being sent to France, remained for a long period in a free and easy kind of " captivity."

The close of Abd-el-Kader's career may be briefly outlined. With his family he resided in an honourable " retirement " in France till 1852, when Napoleon III was tactful enough to release him, and generous enough to award him a pension of 100,000 francs per annum. On this he lived successively at Broussa, Constantinople, and Damascus, and he behaved so admirably at the time of the deplorable massacre of the Druses in Syria that the French Emperor sent him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. Meanwhile, this many-sided individual had produced a striking religious-scientific work which was translated with the title of *Rappel à l'Intelligent : Avis*

à l'Indifferent. Abd-el-Kader revisited Europe in the sixties, and was present at the Paris Exposition of 1867, when Napoleon III showed him great favour. He passed away at Damascus in May, 1883, having attained the age of seventy-six in spite of the great hardships to which he had exposed himself during his fifteen years' continuous campaigning against the French.

It is an amazing reflection that this one Emir provided active and constant employment for most of the leading French Generals of his fighting days—Bugeaud, Clausel, St. Arnaud, Changarnier, Lamoricière, Canrobert, Valée —defeating many of them, and winning the respect of all. First among native guerilla chieftains, and the idol of his wild countrymen, his name will survive.

CHAPTER VII

THE CAUCASUS : SCHAMYL

"They think no more of taking a life than of taking a cup of tea."
Daghestan saying.

To the thoughtful student of nomadic warfare, there are many and extraordinary points of resemblance between the careers of Abd-el-Kader and of his famous contemporary SCHAMYL or Shmayl ("Samuel"), for nearly thirty years the bitter and tireless opponent of Russia in her long and arduous struggle for possession of the Caucasus. This curious parallel or series of coincidences may be summarised thus: Both Abd-el-Kader and Schamyl were of the Mohammedan priesthood. They were immediately contemporaneous, the resistance of the one to the French in Northern Africa lasting from 1830 to 1848, and that of the other in the mountain ranges of the Caucasus from 1830 to 1859. Each, after his different methods and during long years, held his wild and savage following together against

the common foe by personal ascendancy and by continuously preaching the *jehad* or Holy War. Each, after enduring the most varied vicissitudes of fortune and surviving the most romantic of hairbreadth escapes, fell into the hands of his enemies at the last. And each, after the bitterness of conflict was passed, received not merely honourable, but generous, treatment at the hands of his conqueror.

Schamyl will live in history as one of the greatest partisan captains of all time. He saw himself grow from young manhood to old age in the struggle with the remorseless might of Muscovy. "The greatest Circassian leader kept the Russians at bay for years with guerilla tactics; his cause declined when he formed his followers into bodies and weighed them down with guns." Schamyl was born in 1797 at Aul-Himry in Northern Daghestan. The child of a Sûfi family of the Mohammedan faith, at an early age he entered the priesthood and rapidly became a *mollah*. From this point dates the growth of his influence—very similar to that of Abd-el-Kader—over great masses of men. His personal ascendancy was successful in uniting the quarrelsome tribesmen of Daghestan—Lesghians, Georgians,

Chechens, and others—against the rising tide of Russian aggression in the Caucasus, whither it was steadily spreading.

First a word as to the ground to be fought over and contended for by such unequal odds. None could have been more appropriate for the waging of a guerilla war after its most approved methods. The vast mountain ranges of the Caucasus afforded the best of cover for the wild mountaineers, whose elected leader had, however, to deal with a diversity of types, of religions, and even of languages. It is significant of his power to influence men that the genius of their prophet-chief triumphed over this peculiar combination of difficulties. It has to be borne in mind that the whole extent of Caucasia and Trans-Caucasia runs to some 300,000 square miles, and though he fought over portions of this region only, Schamyl's sphere of operations embraced a sufficiently wide area. Says Colonel de la Poer Beresford, in a picturesquely-written description :—

"This land of mountains, table-lands, rapid and shallow rivers, and few, but good, communications, was the home of Schamyl, the famous Tartar or Circassian who, for so many

years, resisted Russia's onslaughts with success. It is now a Russian province. North of it is the country of the Tchetchenges, a province of Cis-Caucasia; and the main chain of the Caucasus mountains forming its southern boundary, rears its mighty wall between it and the sunny vineyards of Kaketia. On the west it is bounded by the land of the Ossetes, wild tribesmen who always held the pass of Dariel; on the east the Caspian Sea bathes its shores. It is an ancient land, whose old capital could tell tales of Shah Kalad and his son, the wise Nushirvan. It was they who built the great wall, which stretching from the shores of Derja-i-Chyzyr, as the Persians call the Caspian, up and past the citadel above the town, is often lost in the clouds. Past this barrier the wild Kazars could not pass: these iron gates closed Persia to them. The vine, the melon, tobacco, apple, hemp and maize flourish in Daghestan. Its fauna number the royal stag, wild boar and goat, wild cat, and *tur*, a mountain-goat with fine convoluted horns. Its rare game-birds, the kouratch, or partridge of the hills, woodcock, pheasant, and teal, are thinned down by its numerous raptores; amongst these the royal eagle,

lammergeier, ruff-necked vulture, kite, raven, and hawks of various sorts are those seen oftenest by the traveller. The mountains, except in the south-west of this province, are the limestone and chalk masses which, tossed and tumbled by some mighty upheaval, are pierced at rare intervals by igneous peaks and outpourings which have forced up their way from below. The lower hills make up for the want of the white mantle in summer by their grotesque and fantastic outline, so that the province is not inaptly styled Dagh-estan—the land of mountains.'' [1]

In 1837 the Tsar Nicholas visited the Caucasus in person to see the theatre of operations. He arrogantly remarked to some of the chiefs in conference, "Do you know that I have powder enough to blow up all your mountains?" In a similar strain of boasting General Veliamonif told the Circassians that "if the sky were to fall the soldiers of Russia were numerous enough to prop it up on their bayonets."

The fact remains that Schamyl met and defeated in succession everyone of the hostile commanders dispatched against him—Yer-

[1] *Journal of Royal United Service Institution*, 1905.

moloff, Grabbe, Vorontsoff, Yevdokimoff, Prince Bariatinsky. His wild followers had the inestimable advantage of rifles (generally smuggled) against smoothbore weapons, and the tide of battle ebbed and flowed during a couple of decades. At one time, the famous chieftain's principal hostage was the Princess Tchatchavadse with her baby and her household, who, however, received kindly treatment from their captors. "I was in the Caucasus in 1839," writes Hommaire de Hell, "when General Grabbe returned from his expedition against Schamyl. When the army marched it had numbered 6000 men, 1000 of whom and 120 officers were cut off in three months. But as the General had advanced farther into the country than any of his predecessors Russia sang pæans, and Grabbe became the hero of the day, though the Imperial troops had been forced to retreat and evacuate the country they had invaded. All the other expeditions were similar to this one, and achieved nothing but the burning and destruction of a few villages. It is true the mountaineers are far from victorious in all encounters with the Russians, whose artillery they cannot withstand; but if obliged to give

way to numbers or to engineering, nevertheless they remain in the end masters of the ground."

The year 1840 proved a particularly disastrous one for Muscovy in the Caucasus. Fighting always without artillery, the mountaineers stormed all the forts along the seaboard, and notably Fort St. Nicholas, where the whole of the garrison were put to the sword. On the other side of the mountain range, the Russians lost 29 officers and 400 men in the battle of Valrik, and General Golovin retired to winter quarters in 1840–1 with a loss of three-fourths of his whole command.

Meanwhile Schamyl—this "perpetual guerilla," as he has been styled—coolly divided Daghestan into twenty provinces, placing each under a *naib*, who was bound to provide 200 horsemen at his bidding. The male population from fifteen to fifty were armed and drilled, and a postal service and foundry for ordnance established. Schamyl's personal command consisted of a thousand superb cavalry, and with them he annihilated one of General Grabbe's detachments at Dargo. It was not until 1844 that this stronghold was stormed by

General Voronzov, who had been given plenary powers by the Tsar, but even then "it was long ere that mighty spirit was brought to acknowledge defeat . . . in him fanaticism was tempered by deep meditation, and cruelty by an instinct of statecraft."[1]

Space does not admit of diarising the events of this extraordinary internecine warfare, but we may discuss a few salient points. Twice within ten years Schamyl was hemmed in and surrounded in the mountain fastness of Achulgo. On the first of these occasions all were put to the sword save their illustrious leader himself, who escaped again to preach his Holy War. The outbreak of Russia's long struggle with England and France in the Crimea was indirectly of the utmost service to Schamyl, who received material assistance from the Allies in the shape of money and both large and small arms. This period signalised the high-water mark of his power and greatness, for it witnessed the practical expulsion of the Russian power from the Caucasus. But with the close of the Tsar's larger quarrel in Europe, troops were poured into the country, and the famous chieftain only managed to

[1] Skrine, *Expansion of Russia.*

hold out for two or three years longer. We have previously referred to the absence of the artillery arm in this mountain fighting. "It is interesting to note," says the author of *Small Wars*, "that artillery is often not only a source of embarrassment to irregular warriors, but becomes a real danger. Schamyl's cause declined when he increased the number of his guns. He would not abandon them when attacked in force, and was driven by their possession to abandon his guerilla tactics. In the instruction book to the Bokharan forces occurred the passage: 'Special care must be taken of the guns, and it must be remembered that the strength of one gun is equal to that of a thousand soldiers.'" The Russians did not, however, find the Bokharan artillery at all formidable. General Skobeleff, in his campaign against the Turkomans, used to say: "If I had the right, I would present the Tekkes with a few old guns." Still, it would rarely be the case that an enemy should be deliberately permitted to carry off his artillery, for even when this compels him to adopt unsuitable tactics, it is a result of an exaggerated belief in the virtue of the guns; and if the guns are captured, the moral effect is

proportionate. "Much of this artillery, as we have said, had been supplied to the brave Circassians by the two great Powers who were allied against Russia in 1854–5; and the opinion of posterity must surely be that those Powers should and ought to have stood up for the autonomy of Daghestan at the Peace of Paris." So far from this being the case, nothing whatever was done by the two Western Powers. Schamyl and his people were heartlessly left to their fate, and their romantic country became merely an unromantic province of the mighty Muscovite Empire.

An amusing story is related of the Russian General Grabbe while he was seeking to run Schamyl to earth. Grabbe's camp was much annoyed at night by the persistent "sniping" of the Turkoman riflemen—a practice which, in our own wars with savage tribes, most notably on the North-West Frontier, has been so favoured by them. At last, General Grabbe instructed his sentries not to reply to the snipers' dropping fire. Much surprised and disconcerted by this new and unfamiliar procedure, the tribesmen cried out, "Why don't you fire back at us? Do you despise us?" "Go to bed—we want to go to sleep," replied

the Russians. It is added that Schamyl's sharpshooters took the hint and "sniped" no more. This is on all-fours with Lord Roberts' quaint anecdote of one of his Indian hill-campaigns. He says that the hillmen grew so tired of being met on equal ground by the fine sniping tactics of our Gurkhas that they shouted, "We don't want you—where are the Sikhs and the English? They are better fun."

Prince Bariatinsky was, latterly, commanding-in-chief the Russian army for the conquest of Daghestan. On April 12th, 1859, this skilful General, at the head of fourteen battalions and a powerful artillery, managed to wrest the fortress of Weden from its attenuated band of defenders after a noteworthy siege of seven weeks' duration. This obliged Schamyl to retire into his final stronghold of Gûnib with a still-formidable remnant only four hundred strong. Gûnib is "a huge, isolated limestone mountain, five miles long by three broad, rising 4500 feet above the valley below." In the shelter of this wilderness the undaunted rebel continued to hold out for yet another term of weeks, hungry, shot-torn, and desperate. At last the Muscovite besiegers,

like Wolfe's soldiers at Quebec, succeeded in finding an accessible path up the mountain-side, and Schamyl was compelled to confess that he could do no more. Accordingly, sending for Prince Bariatinsky, he told the Russian leader, "My people are weary of war, and I am forced to give in." His four hundred devoted tribesmen were by that time reduced by the sword and starvation to a total of *forty-seven*—and most of these were wounded men. This capitulation was ratified on September 6th, 1859. Gûnib is really a place of well-nigh incredible strength, perched upon the summit of snow-capped crags which look at first sight to be absolutely inaccessible.

A Napoleon would have shot Schamyl, as that tyrant shot Hofer and so many other fighters in freedom's cause. But the Tsar Alexander II accorded the Turkoman leader treatment as least as honourable as that given to his contemporary Abd-el-Kader by France. First of all "interned"—or rather, mildly detained—at Kaluga, he was removed from thence to St. Petersburg, and was awarded an annual pension of a thousand pounds. In 1870 the aged patriot asked and received permission to go upon a pilgrimage to Mecca, a journey

from which he did not return. He passed away at Medina, in Arabia, in March, 1871, full of years and honour.

Of Schamyl's two sons, one of them entered the military service of Russia, while the other elected to seek his fortune under the crescent flag of Turkey.

CHAPTER VIII

CENTRAL INDIA : TANTIA TOPEE

HAD this remarkable man possessed "as much personal courage as he did military ability, he would have been the most formidable antagonist, except the Sikh leaders, we had encountered in India since the days of Tippoo. Robust, active, of middle height, Tantia Topee was framed to bear fatigue. Cool and composed, with keen eye and fertile brain, he was able to devise endless plans; and, although unable to risk the dangers of the battlefield, he was never daunted or abashed by defeat. By sheer personal influence he drew armed men around him wherever he went, and is, perhaps, the only authentic instance of a really able soldier who inspired confidence without sharing the perils of his men. India is the only country in the world where such a phenomenon could be seen; because in India alone is cowardice not held in contempt."

This high commendation, penned by one

of the historians of the Indian Mutiny, is in no sense an exaggerated appreciation of the qualities of a partisan chieftain who assisted to invest the closing months of that prolonged struggle with a military interest which few of its leading incidents possess. His daring resourcefulness kept a large force, and several of our most reliable leaders, employed in the field against him for many months, and at one time his aggressive movements attained such sinister dimensions as almost to convey to the non-military mind that the strength of the revolted Sepoys' ability for prolonged resistance had been considerably underrated by us.

Tantia Topee (i.e. "weaver-artilleryman") was by occupation a weaver, but he served for a time in the Bengal Artillery. Equipped with unlimited powers of observation, persistance, and talent for organisation, he allowed little to escape him while serving his term as a gunner. After quitting the army he entered the employ of the Nana Sahib at Bithoor, and to that dissatisfied gentleman he proved of the utmost utility. So much so, that when the Nana threw off the mask and took the field against the British *raj*, Tantia accom-

panied him in the capacity of "chief of the artillery." For this position his gunnery knowledge in some sense fitted him, but in the quality of physical courage he was ever profoundly lacking. With his career up to the downfall and retreat into Oudh of the "Demon of Cawnpore" we have not to do here. He comes into our story in the spring of 1858, when people at home were comfortably assuring themselves that the back of the Mutiny had been broken. As it happened, a most serious phase of it was only then commencing.

At the opening of 1858 General Sir Hugh Rose, with a powerful column and siege-train, was designed for punitive operations in Central India, having for his immediate objective the reduction of Jhànsi, the stronghold of the notorious Ranee of that name whose fiendish massacres of English men, women, and children are amongst the darkest incidents of the rising. Now Tantia Topee had, on losing touch of Nana Sahib,[1] made his way to Jhànsi and placed his services at the disposal of the Ranee.

[1] "His military talent inspired Nana Sahib with all the capacity for resistance that he ever displayed."—Hunter's *Indian Empire.*

Sir Hugh Rose had perforce to move so slowly, and had so much to do *en route*, that it was the height of the hot weather (March 21st) before his little army sate down before the frowning walls of the Ranee's fortress. The sun temperature stood at 130 degrees !

Before Sir Hugh's outposts had time to get in touch with those of the Ranee, the fertile brain of her lieutenant and adviser, Tantia Topee, conceived a plan for bringing in a large force from outside for the relief of the threatened fortress. He would, so he told the woman-soldier, ride off to Kalpi and would return, in a very few days, at the head of an army not less than 20,000 strong. The Ranee acquiesced, and Tantia swiftly departed on his mission. He was as good as his word.

Sir H. Rose had only a few thousand troops, British and native, for the leaguer of Jhànsi, but he was kept well supplied with forage and vegetables by the Maharajah Scindia and the Ranee of Tehree. Presently, too, he was joined by a fresh brigade from Chandari, and by March 31st so considerable a breach was made in the defences that they were deemed to be almost ready for storming.

But at this critical moment a new danger showed itself. Sir Hugh's flag-telegraph on the hills to the eastward of the city suddenly signalled, on the evening of the 31st, "The enemy approaching in great force from the east." It was Tantia, with his relieving army—I will not say at the head of it, for he "had the brain of a soldier without the heart"—of 20,000. If we were to keep going our bombardment of the city, we had only some 1200 men wherewith to meet this attempt at raising the siege. But during the dark hours Sir Hugh made such eloquent changes of disposition as enabled him to deliver a successful attack at dawn. He himself led one wing of our cavalry, Brigadier Prettyjohn the other. Terrible execution was done, and all the enemy's guns were captured. Tantia escaped back into Jhànsi, and 1200 men had routed 20,000! On April 3rd the British carried the fortress by storm, with a loss of 300 killed and wounded. Considering all the circumstances and the pitch of fury to which the foe's atrocities had roused our soldiers, it is not perhaps surprising to read the ominous words, *No quarter was given.*

But Tantia and the Ranee escaped with a

large force to Kalpi, supported by the Nawàb of Banda, and here amid the tombs and ravines they gave Sir Hugh battle. This was not until the middle of May, for the conquerors rested three weeks in Jhànsi, binding up their wounds and holding a memorial service for the poor unfortunates murdered by the infamous Ranee —and in the meantime the enemy were heavily reinforced. They knew they were fighting with halters round their necks, and they fought like fiends. So severe was the struggle, and so superior were the mutineers in weight of numbers, that at one time our right flank was in actual danger. It is interesting to note that at this crisis of the battle a small camel-corps, which had been organised and perfected by Sir Hugh, came to the rescue. "At Kalpi this corps acted most effectively at a critical juncture. The rebels had skilfully concealed their strength and pretended only to threaten the British left, but they suddenly developed a strong attack against Sir H. Rose's right. The infantry were being forced back by stress of numbers, and even the guns were in danger, when the Camel Corps was rapidly transferred from another part of the field. The men dismounted, charged, and completely

changed the situation; and the rebels were in the end defeated with heavy loss." [1]

This bold initiative of theirs had been entirely due to the admirable strategy and good generalship of Tantia. General Rose, who was himself very unwell from sunstroke, may be pardoned for having supposed that after four months of continuous marching and fighting, during which Central India had been traversed from Indore to Kalpi, the campaign was at an end. His General Order, dated June 1st, 1858, merits mention here for its fine and manly tone, and as coming from one who was not ashamed of returning thanks to God. "Soldiers!" he wrote. "You have marched more than a thousand miles and taken more than a hundred guns. . . . I thank you with all my sincerity for your bravery, devotion and discipline. You have fought against the strong and have protected the rights of the weak and defenceless, of foes as well as friends. I have seen you in the ardour of the combat preserve and place children out of harm's way. This is the discipline of Christian soldiers, and this it is which has brought you triumphant

[1] Major Callwell, *Small Wars*. A camel-corps was seldom seen in the Sepoy Mutiny, but as long ago as Sir Ralph Abercrombie's expedition to Egypt (1801) one was employed.

from the shores of Western India to the waters of the Jumna, and established without doubt that you will find no place to equal the glory of our arms."

So far, however, from being subdued, the brain of the ubiquitous Tantia Topee had conceived, in the very hour of his discomfiture, the boldest of counter-strokes. Even while the above-quoted address was circulating in the British camp, his fresh plan was being put into execution—for with this prince among native guerillas, to think was to act. His new scheme was nothing less than the reduction of the great rock-fortress of Gwalior, the capital and head-quarters of the Maharajah Scindia—the latter having earned the peculiar hatred of the mutineers by reason of his unshakable devotion to the British *raj*. What finer thing, then, to gain possession of this great centre of the Mahratta race, by fair means or by foul? Tantia, it may be inferred, invariably adopted *foul* means, and this was no exception to his rule. Slipping away in advance of the main body of his shattered force, he easily gained secret access to Scindia's stronghold, where he proceeded to mingle with the numerous disaffected among the garrison. The rest was easy.

The late Hon. Lewis Wingfield, who was the Maharajah's guest there in the eighties, penned an interesting description of the once-impregnable Gwalior. "The hill or rock," he says, "is flat-topped, long and narrow, a picturesque and stately object by reason of its isolation. Its extreme length is about two miles, its average breadth a thousand feet or so. On three sides its altitudes are absolutely inaccessible from below; on the fourth its gate is reached by a precipitous and winding path, with here and there a flight of rough-hewn stairs, up which the traveller is borne in a dhooly, a species of palanquin, or on the back of a lumbering elephant. The long line of battlements which crown the steep scarp is broken by the lofty minarets and fretted domes of the lofty but now ruinous palace, which rises from behind a row of zigzag serrated parapets and loopholed bastions. At the northern end where the sandstone has been quarried for ages, the jagged masses of the overhanging cliff seem ready to fall on the city that lies below. Midway over all, grey with the moss of ages, towers against the clear blue sky the giant head of a massive Hindu temple. The dark and varied silhouette seen

in the afterglow of sunset is as impressive and remarkable a spectacle as may be met with in the northern provinces." The Scindia of Mutiny days was young, active, and loyal to the core. At the time of the opening of the bloody chapter he had within his walls 10,000 of his own troops, and about 8000 horse, foot, and artillery officered by Englishmen, who had their wives and families with them. On Sunday, June 24th, 1857, the native troops broke out and massacred the European men, women, and children. It was a red day for Gwalior, whose ruler might easily have converted Central India into a shambles had he not remained true to his *raj*. But he did remain true, and presently, along with the handful of Englishmen and ladies who remained unmassacred, escaped by night to Agra, sixty-five miles away. Gwalior remained in possession of the rebels for nearly a twelvemonth. It was then retaken by us and restored to Scindia, who was now about to lose it again.

To return from this brief digression and explanation to Tantia Topee, whom we left comfortably preaching secret treason in the rock-fortress. Quitting it not so secretly as he had entered—for he took with him a number

of the disloyal—he rejoined his army and the Ranee, who rode with the troops like a man and fought like a tigress. Scindia, perceiving that the issue must be put to the touch of swords, marched out at the head of his men. No sooner were the belligerents within striking distance than half of the Maharajah's forces deserted to Tantia. Only Scindia's bodyguard made any resistance worth speaking of, and after losing heavily they got him away to Agra, where, for the second time within a year, he found himself a throneless fugitive. This left Tantia and the Ranee free to enter his capital (May 31st–June 1st, 1858), and they proclaimed the absent Nana Sahib as Peshwa of the Mahratta Kingdom.

Thunderstruck though he may have felt at Tantia's daring initiative, Sir Hugh Rose at once put his troops in motion again. While dispatching an urgent message to Brigadier-General Smith (who was operating in the more central part of Scindia's country), Sir Hugh himself moved more slowly in order to give time for Scindia to join him. This brought Smith first in touch with Tantia, and the 8th Hussars delivered a brilliant charge. On June 19th Sir Hugh himself made his appear-

ance. Driven back under the guns of Gwalior, the rebels resisted desperately for five hours. The vicious, treacherous, and bloodthirsty Ranee fell mortally wounded, and she elected to perish by *suttee* rather than fall into British hands. Tantia Topee, as usual, succeeded in escaping unhurt. The gallant Sir Hugh Rose, having reinstated the Maharajah on the gâdi (throne) of Gwalior with befitting pomp and ceremony, finally took leave of the little army which under his direction had done such glorious deeds. He was really ill and he required rest.

Retreating in a westerly direction, Tantia found himself hotly pursued by Colonel Robert Napier. "The object of a pursuit," as Major Callwell points out, "is to convert the retreat into a rout and to give a *coup de grâce* to the formation and cohesion of the beaten force, already seriously shaken by what has gone before. For such work horse-artillery, in conjunction with cavalry, is of course invaluable if the ground be suitable; in the Indian Mutiny this combination on more than one occasion achieved most striking results in pursuit. The affair of Jaore-Alipore, after the defeat of Tantia Topee at Gwalior, is a re-

markable example. Six hundred sabres and a horse-artillery battery under Colonel Napier were, after some delay, sent in pursuit of the rebels. The enemy was found, 4000 strong with 25 guns, posted in a favourable position. But the stand was of short duration. The rebels were routed with the loss of all their guns and baggage." [1]

But the wily fox was still far from being run to his earth, albeit the hunters were hot on his trail. We have seen that Tantia could still count upon several thousand men in arms, though Napier had taken all his guns. To remedy this deficiency (and incidentally to put new heart into his men by the sack of an important city) he headed straight for the great Rajpût State of Jeypûr, whose ruler was an ally and vassal of the British. To avert any possible calamity in this direction Brigadier Roberts, who lay at Nusserabad with a mobile brigade, broke up his camp and by forced marching interposed between Tantia and his objective. Thwarted in this, the dauntless rebel flew southerly towards Tonk. Here the Rajah held out in his fort, but Tantia had no time to waste on mere rajahs. He

[1] *Small Wars*, p. 133.

contentedly plundered the place and carried off the valuables and four pieces of cannon.

This magnificent marauder's proceedings during the next two months of his dazzling career are of a character fairly to beggar description. Beset—beset but never bested—on the one hand by General Roberts and on the other by General Michell, he could do nothing wrong until the middle of September.

In a running fight not far from another great Râjpût fastness, Oodipûr, Roberts' cavalry recaptured the guns taken at Tonk. Crossing the Chumbul River, Tantia with splendid audacity encompassed and plundered the large town of Jubra Patûm. This may be said to have been almost his finest feat of arms, for though eager enemies were on every side he coolly compelled the payment of large "fines" in money and stores, and carried off about thirty cannon. These did not remain in his possession, however, after September 13th, when they were cleverly retaken by General Michell, who struck a heavy blow. On October 9th Tantia passed the Betwa River and plundered Tehri, which was friendly to us. His obvious intent was to penetrate into the Deccan, and if he succeeded in doing so, even

with a broken and shattered force, nobody could say what might happen. "This was the one moment of great peril for us. If Tantia, with even a broken force of 7000 men, entered the Deccan, he would in a week have been at the head of 100,000 men. The Government was really alarmed, but as the danger was greater so were the means of parrying it greater, since Lord Elphinstone had pushed up a large force of European and native cavalry to render the hunt after Tantia more effective; while, from Kamptee, in Nagpore, to the Gulf of Cambay, there was a great stir of troops, and a readiness to move at the shortest notice to guard the passes, and fords, and great roads southwards. And the measures adopted proved to be effective. Flying by devious routes, he sought the Nerbudda again, but being headed, he turned westward and traversed the hills between the Taptee and Nerbudda at racing speed. Moving into Nimar he actually prevailed on 1000 men of Holkar's Horse to desert and join him, and with this reinforcement rode off to Burwanna, evading our troops. Finding it impossible to remain in the valley of the Nerbudda, he once more crossed the great river and hurried into Malwa;

not, however, before he had been hit very hard by a new enemy—the Camel Corps; that is, infantry mounted on camels." It was this force which drove Tantia over the river.

The beginning of the end was nigh at hand. The next to get in the way of Tantia's retreat was Brigadier-General Parke, whose flying column achieved the notable feat of "flying" 241 miles in nine days. He came in touch near Chota Oodipûr, where the rebels as usual had the advantage of position. They were speedily bundled out with heavy losses, and the last month of 1858 was spent by Tantia in dodging the network of pursuing columns. In various actions he lost many more men and elephants. The New Year found him joined to the notorious Feroze Shah of Delhi—who, like Nana Sahib, was never captured—but this could not last long, and Tantia finally entered the jungles of Central India, a fugitive, after a futile attempt to penetrate the Rajpût State of Bikanir. Even the jungle country could not hold him long now, however, for a price was on his head. One of these disillusioned countrymen of his betrayed him in his place of concealment on April 7th, 1859, and a

few days afterwards the renegade chieftain was hanged at Sepree after the usual formality of a court martial. He had held out for very nearly a year.

This supremely bad and unusually gifted man was by far the biggest brain produced on the native side by the Mutiny of 1857–8. A few more like him and India had inevitably been wrested from the English. His war record was stained by numberless atrocities, in which, however, he was assuredly not distinguished above his fellows. It has been said of him that for all his daring he lacked the essential elements of physical courage; be this as it may, he had the power of planning, devising, controlling, the unsurpassable gift of concentration, and above all the high quality of never knowing when he was beaten. On the other side, he would have been simply invaluable to the Government forces in the work of crushing out the revolt. In a word, he was a great General—and as such he was acclaimed by Sir Hugh Rose himself.

The conqueror of Tantia Topee — for although he did not remain at his post to the end, Sir Hugh Rose's brilliant command of the Central India Field Force was by far the

greatest factor in the fight—lived to succeed Colin Campbell as Commander-in-Chief in India, to attain Field-Marshal's rank, and to be raised to the Peerage by the title of Lord Strathnairn. As brilliant a tactician as he was a God-fearing Christian, to him by right of sword belonged the honour of reconquering Central India for the Empire.

CHAPTER IX

SICILY AND ITALY: GARIBALDI

"Who wills, goes; who wills not, sends."—G. GARIBALDI

SUCH an immense flood of literature has risen around the potent personality of the Liberator of Italy, that it is proposed to take here only a few salient points in the great guerilla's life-story. It is a striking one enough, and in certain of its aspects, indeed, quite unparalleled among fighters of the nineteenth century. It is a trite saying that the exploits of Garibaldi put in the shade those of many a hero of romance, but it would be idle to deny its truth.

Surely it is of coincidences the most striking that Giuseppe Garibaldi and André Masséna—Napoleon's "*enfant chéri de la victoire*"—should have been born in the very same house at Nice, though an interval of forty years separated the two interesting events. Both were of particularly lowly parentage. Masséna was the child of a tavern-keeper, and Gari-

baldi the lusty offspring of a poor Nice merchant and fishing-smack skipper. So he was born and bred to the calling of the sea, and the first thirty years or so of his chequered existence were spent in fighting pirates, assisting at revolutions in South America, and generally making himself pretty thoroughly familiar with the trade or profession of a free-lance.

It must be borne in mind that the House of Bourbon had ruled over Southern Italy and Sicily for upwards of a hundred and twenty years. In the great year of European revolution, 1848, Palermo rebelled against King Ferdinand II, and actually succeeded in holding out for sixteen months, until reduced by dint of a bombardment so bitter as to gain for that most detested monarch the satirical *sobriquet* of "King Bomba."

Though he had previously crowded into a few brief years a whole lifetime of turbid adventure in Spanish South America as cattleman, naval commander, teacher of mathematics, and several other occupations, Giuseppe does not appear on the stage of European politics until 1848. In the previous year Pope Pius IX had commenced his eventful

reign, and it must be premised that Garibaldi, whose own "religion" appears to have embraced a kind of crude Pantheism, was unfortunately and always the bitter enemy of Clericalism. He found the Sardinian King Charles Albert besieging the Austrians in Mantua. Charles Albert had not much to say to this firebrand, who, however, rapidly raised an irregular force and performed some notable feats against the Austrian army after the collapse of the Italian resistance. The following year found the Pope fled from Rome, and a revolutionary government set up in the City of St. Peter. This was much to Garibaldi's liking, and in April, 1849, he drove the French under General Oudinot from the gates of Rome, and also routed the Neapolitan forces at Palestrina and Velletri. The subsequent siege and capture of Rome by the reinforced French led to his retreat to the Adriatic, pursued by the Austrians. During these operations his wife Anita died, and was buried on the seashore.

After the momentous events of 1849 Garibaldi was arrested by the Sardinian government, who, rightly or wrongly, feared what such an incendiary might not do next. On

his release he proceeded to New York (where an extraordinary popular demonstration awaited him), and during the next few years we vaguely hear of him as a settler in the New World, engaged in the peacefully edifying occupations of candle-maker and merchant skipper. In 1854 he returned home to that lovely Island of Caprera, which is so indissolubly associated with his fame. But his "revenge" was at hand. Italy was about to strike for liberty, and it was widely felt that Garibaldi must be the one man for the situation. In fine, Cavour sent for him to Turin, and during the campaign of 1859 he was engaged, not over-successfully, in opposing the Austrian power in the passes of the Tyrol.

On May 11th, 1860, Garibaldi landed at Marsala at the head of his celebrated Red-shirted "One Thousand." He had come to set the Sicilies free. It was evident from the outset that on his thousand heroes he would have largely to depend, for the *picciotti*—bodies of the young men banded together for irregular warfare—were of little use for close fighting, their favourite tactics being the picking off of the enemy from some coign of vantage. But then, Garibaldi was a guerilla

with a difference. "*Garibaldi viene!*—he is coming," was the word on every lip. By May 18th he was in sight of Palermo. The beautiful Sicilian city was held by General Landi with some 18,000 good troops to oppose "the" Thousand.

With him, as second in command, the Patriot leader had Colonel Türr, a Hungarian soldier of fortune of considerable skill as well as a partisan of tried capacity. With him, too, was Signor Crispi, then a young man, destined to such high place at the council-board of Italy. Having so tiny an attacking force at disposal, the one resource for Garibaldi was a surprise of the enemy by means of a night march—and this "March of the Thousand" is one of modern history's finest feats of arms. It was a starlit night, and Türr called his chief's attention to his favourite constellation, the Great Bear. "It smiles on you," said the Hungarian. "We shall enter Palermo." They did so in a magnificent fashion (May 26th–27th, 1860), and never were the Red Shirts' famed leader's favourite tactics of the *ruse* employed to finer advantage, for he skilfully utilised a tiny force under Colonel Orsini to delude the enemy into the belief that a

retreat, rather than a daring *coup*, was in contemplation. The *picciotti* flew like hares, proving beyond dispute that their usefulness lay in the direction of picking off their enemies from safe cover—nothing more. However, Sicily was freed from Bourbon domination, and by June 20th " the last Neapolitan soldier had left Palermo." Exactly one month afterwards, Garibaldi gloriously closed his Sicilian adventure by routing the Neapolitan army in the Battle of Milazzo.

On September 7th, the Liberator triumphantly entered Naples, whence the King had fled with his family to Gaeta. By the end of the month Garibaldi had 21,000 volunteer troops at disposal, as compared with the 50,000 regular infantry, 7000 cavalry, and numerous field artillery of the Neapolitan resistance. Garibaldi fixed his own headquarters for the defence of Naples on the watch-tower of Saint Angelo. His defensive was twelve miles in length, but he himself characterised it as " a defective line, irregular, and all too long for the troops at my disposal." The struggle which ensued for the possession of Naples is known as the battle of the Volturno. Garibaldi's most trusted subordinate, Bixio,

GARIBALDI AT ASPROMONTE

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was at Monte Caro, with instructions to hold it to the last gasp. "If you lose that I shall be cut off from Naples," said the Liberator. Very nobly did Bixio requite the trust reposed in him. With him was Garibaldi's son Menotti, who performed prodigies of valour and self-sacrifice with his regiment.

Along and around the storied gates of ancient Capua flowed the bitter struggle. At first the tide of victory favoured the Neapolitan arms—guns were taken and retaken, and Garibaldi's motley "outfit" were frequently in difficulties. Jessie White Mario tells a charming story of this phase in the battle of the Volturno. "Guessing his fasting condition, some friends who were present conveyed to Garibaldi, by two British tars with 'H.M.S. Hannibal' on their caps, who had been pleading for muskets to join in the fray, a pail of water, a basket of fresh figs, and a tin of English biscuits. The inhabitants of Santa Maria having quitted or shut up their houses, no more solid fare was obtainable. As we reached him with these, a bright, sunny smile lit up his serenely serious face. 'What!' he said, 'are you encouraging the Queen's sailors to desert?' 'Never a bit,' we replied. 'They

are out for a holiday and want some fun.' " In a short time thereafter this twelve hours' battle of the Volturno terminated in a great Garibaldian victory. Certainly the Patriots had to mourn some 2000 killed and wounded, but Garibaldi took 2070 in prisoners alone. In a word, the Bourbon power was most ungently expelled from Naples.

On November 8th, just two months from his victorious entry into Naples, Garibaldi was received by Victor Emmanuel, for whose benefit he had drawn up the following brief address: " Sire, — The Neapolitan people in public meeting assembled have by an immense majority proclaimed you as their King. Nine millions of Italians are united to those other provinces which have already been smiling under the happy rule of your Majesty; and by this unity has been verified your solemn promise that Italy shall belong to Italians alone ! "

It can scarcely be affirmed with truth that the man whom his splendid achievement had placed so securely on the throne of the Two Sicilies went out of his way to betray an excess of gratitude towards the Patriot. On his quietly stating that, his work being com-

pleted, he would now return to his home in Caprera, King Victor said, "But how will you get there? There are no steamers running to the island." "If necessary," replied Garibaldi, "I would ask my friend Admiral Mundy to give me a passage on a British ship." Eventually he returned to his lonely islet in an American merchant steamer. The common people worshipped him, but Victor Emmanuel's Ministers cherished an unworthy distrust of his wonderful influence, and he returned home with about thirty pounds in his pocket—"nearly as poor as when he wandered in the forests of South America." To his secretary, who anxiously informed him as to the state of the exchequer, he smilingly replied, "Don't be anxious. We have in the island plenty of wood and corn, which we will sell."

The Times special correspondent penned at this time a picturesque description of Garibaldi's appearance. "He was," said this writer, "a middle-sized man and not of an athletic build, though gifted with uncommon strength and surprising agility. He looked to the greatest advantage on horseback, since he sat in the saddle with such perfect ease and

yet with such calm serenity, as if he were grown to it, having had, though originally a sailor, the benefit of a long experience in taming the wild mustangs of the Pampás. But his chief beauty was the head and the unique dignity with which it rose on the shoulders. The features were cast in the old classic mould, the forehead was high and broad—a perpendicular line from the roots of the hair to the eyebrows. His mass of tawny hair and full red beard gave the countenance its peculiar lion-like character. . . . His garb consisted of a plain red shirt and grey trousers, over which he threw the folds of the Spanish-American *poncho*." His only weapon was a splendid English sabre, and this he once wielded to good purpose when surrounded by Neapolitan cavalry at Milazzo.

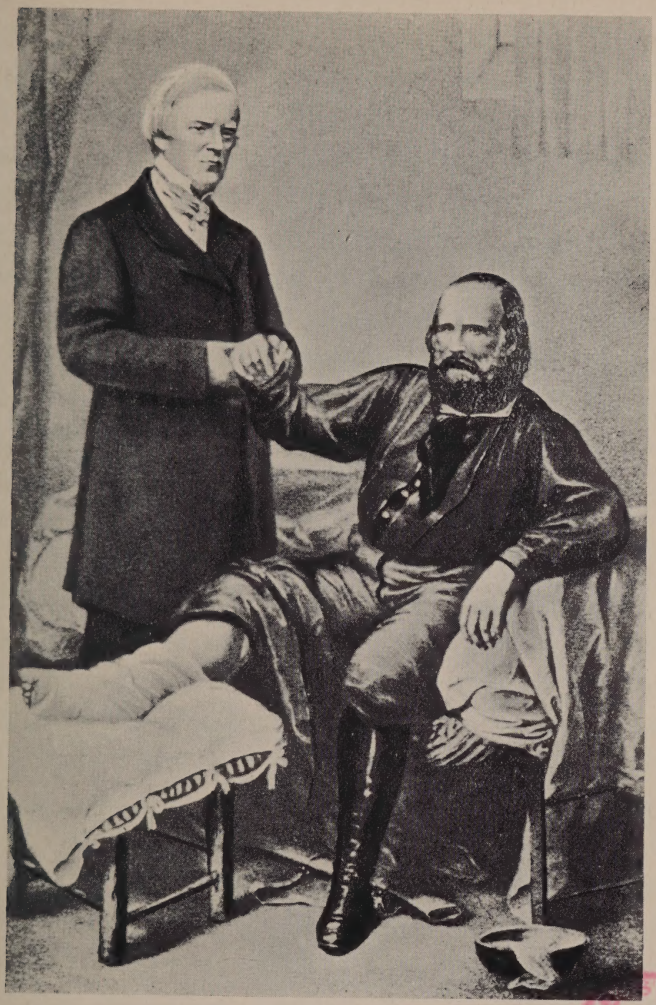
A hundred pens have deplored, as a thousand tongues did at the time, that after the stirring events of 1859–60 Garibaldi did not retire to rest upon the laurels he had so grandly won. Instead of this, two years later found him the self-constituted champion of a people, disunited in any attempt aiming at the abrogation of the Papal power. The moment must have been a painful one for

Victor Emmanuel. It was true that Garibaldi had placed upon his head the crowns of Naples and of Sicily; yet how could he stand idly by and see the great Liberator suddenly organise an onslaught upon the French troops who occupied the Eternal City—soldiers of the ally of Victor Emmanuel, Napoleon III, in the struggle waged for Italian independence and unity in 1859–60?

It is all matter of history how Garibaldi, by the seizure of three French merchant vessels off Catania, carried his slender contingent of 3000 Red Shirts over to the Calabrian mainland in August, 1862; how King Victor Emmanuel had their progress towards Rome barred by Government troops under Generals Cialdini and Pallavicini, with instructions to compel their surrender; how this force came up with the guerillas near the plateau of Aspromonte; how Garibaldi was twice wounded and his followers routed, dispersed, or captured. Of the affair of Aspromonte, he himself rather theatrically wrote (but then one has to allow something for his state of mind at the time): "They (i.e. the Government troops) thirsted for blood, and I wished to spare it. I ran to the front of our line crying out to them not to

fire, and from the centre to the left . . . not a trigger was pulled. It was not thus on the attacking side. A party of *bersaglieri*, directing their shots against me, struck me with two balls—one in the left side not serious, the other in the right ankle, making a serious wound." He was then interned in Spezzia, and after his release he remained in comparative quiet at Caprera for several years.

Englishmen, and indeed freedom's lovers the world over, must always honour the name of Garibaldi. Nevertheless, it has to be admitted that in later life his sheer theatricality and love of the sensational got the upper hand of him and on several occasions led him into serious blunders. The most notable case in point was the *fiasco* of 1867. Napoleon III had maintained a force of French troops in Rome and its provinces, as if resolved to assert the independence of the Holy See against all comers; but, with his usual fickleness, the Emperor deserted Pius IX, and entered into a Convention with Italy (September, 1864), guaranteeing to withdraw his soldiers from Rome within two years, the Italian Government on its part agreeing to resist any aggression upon the Papal territory. But it



GARIBALDI AFTER ASPROMONTE

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was well understood, by those who knew the facts, that this "treaty" was not worth the parchment on which it was written; and sure enough, no sooner had the last French soldier left Rome (Christmas, 1866) than intrigues from without commenced. Meanwhile, the Catholic nations of Europe with praiseworthy promptitude recruited for the protection of the Papal dominions a little army, 13,000 strong, "of volunteers representing all classes of society, from the noble, whose ancestors fought in the Crusades, to the workman and the peasant."

During the first half of 1867 Garibaldi, from his head-quarters in Caprera, enrolled volunteers from all over Italy, to the tune of 30,000. These men were avowedly intended for service against the Papal States, yet the Government of Victor Emmanuel took no steps to interfere until, for fear of France intervening in the Holy Father's behalf, Garibaldi was "arrested" in September and detained at Alessandria. A few days later he was set at liberty, and continued to direct the operations of his somewhat lawless guerilla bands, one party of whom distinguished themselves by plundering the churches around Bagnorea and

fortifying the convent of San Francesco, whence, however, they were speedily driven with loss by the Papal Zouaves. It is noteworthy that in the ensuing movements Garibaldi's son Menotti held high command on the one side, and, by a coincidence, a Colonel and a Captain de Charette—namesakes of the Vendéan partisan—on the Papal side. In one of the minor engagements Pieter Yong, a Dutchman serving in the Pontifical ranks, killed sixteen Garibaldians with the butt-end of his rifle, and then was himself killed!

Garibaldi did not leave Caprera until October. He first went to Florence, and thence, having gathered about him some 10,000 followers, made for Rome. It must be admitted that not a few of these "Patriots" were attracted to his standard by hopes of gain; they were a motley assemblage indeed, and the famed "Red Shirt" had generally disappeared. *En route* they carried the Castle of Rotondo by assault, though not without desperate fighting and the loss of five hundred of their number. At this point, however, Garibaldi discovered that the French Emperor had at last dispatched armed forces to the assistance of Rome. Hastily falling back from

the gates of the Holy City, he was compelled to give battle to the Franco-Papal army at MENTANA.

Here he had the advantages of a commanding position and marked superiority of numbers, for the Papal forces under Generals de Courten and Kanzler never numbered more than 5000. But the result was not long in doubt, and Garibaldi fled from the battlefield as soon as he saw how things were going, and made his way back across the frontier. The attempt upon Rome had failed lamentably.

. . . . .

It remains to speak of his last services in the field. In the autumn of 1870, after the downfall of Napoleon III and the declaration of the Republic in France, the old war-horse organised a body of irregulars, or *francs-tireurs*, to assist in harassing and impeding the onward progress of the German invasion. He called this force the "Volunteers of the Vosges," and in their operations he had the assistance of another of his sons, not Menotti this time, but Ricciotti Garibaldi. Although not eventually successful, this contingent par-

ticipated in a good deal of partisan fighting with varying result. After the capitulation of Metz, the Germans pressed on towards Paris in November, 1870, their 14th Army Corps being at Dijon. Garibaldi's small and "mixed" force was at Autun, forty-five miles from that place, and he sent forward 660 men, under his son Ricciotti, to Montbard; but when Garibaldi *fils* struck a small Prussian force at Châtillon-sur-Seine, completely surprising it, he had only 400 men with him. This brilliant little affair really seems to have been a model of what guerilla tactics and strategy "in little" should be. The incident took place on November 20th, 1870, these 400 irregulars defeating 500 trained troops, on whom they inflicted a loss of 186 men and 8 officers. A French military critic has pointed out that Garibaldi's corps on the whole disappointed expectations, though it did some good work. It laboured under the disadvantage of being unpopular with the peasantry, partly on account of their prejudice against the Garibaldians as foreigners, and partly because the latter were hateful to the priests, who denounced them as atheists. Thus Garibaldi and his followers did not meet with the assistance

which they had a right to expect from the people whom they came to help.

Further minor successes were gained by this little force in January and February, 1871, in the surprise and destruction of the railway bridges at Buffon and Fontenoy-sur-Seine, obliging great masses of German troops and material of war to be diverted to a more tedious route. On January 28th, Garibaldi still had his head-quarters at Dijon, and a Prussian brigade under General Ketteler was designed to dislodge him. But while the enemy were unskilfully manœuvring with this laudable end in view, an isolated detachment of theirs was fallen upon at a place called Prauthoi. The assailants were a portion of the French garrison of Langres, fifteen miles to the south but on the German line of communications, and they are described as having been "composed of regulars, *gardes mobiles*, and *francs-tireurs*." The conception of their attack was good, but, like so many incidents in the same war, it was delayed too long. Nevertheless, the Germans, who retreated in good order because they were good troops, owned to a loss of 6 officers, 108 men, and their baggage. Shortly after, the capitulation

of Paris put a period to the Garibaldian operations.

Garibaldi's well-known hatred of Louis Napoleon had only enabled him to espouse the cause of France in her struggle with Germany after the fall of the Empire. Even so, Gambetta had not received the Liberator with particular cordiality, though placing him in command of these "Volunteers of the Vosges." Their historic repulse of the Prussians under General Manteuffel, in the vicinity of Dijon, took place on January 20th, 1871, and the German commander's estimate of the tactics employed against him is known to have been a high one. Henceforward, until his death in 1882, Garibaldi remained for the most part quietly at Caprera, his wounds and his extraordinary exertions having finally broken up his health. While his talents and virtues as a soldier, and still more so as a politician, must always remain open to criticism, his place in history as the leader of Italian independence is for ever unquestioned.

CHAPTER X

AMERICAN CIVIL WAR: MOSBY—MORGAN—FORREST

THE American Civil War of 1861–5 produced several of the most celebrated of guerilla leaders, principally on the Confederate or Southern States side. Of these, three stand out in bold relief from among their gallant fellows, all of them Confederate officers—in such bold prominence, indeed, that it is a little hard to determine whether to give pride of place to John S. Mosby, John H. Morgan, or Nathan Bedford Forrest. All were superb organisers, magnificent fighters, and *preux chevaliers* of the highest type. On the United States side, of course, there were cavalry Generals who also engaged in raids on the grand scale—e.g. Sheridan, Pleasanton, Stoneman, Grierson—but over their exploits does not, generally speaking, hang the halo of romance which distinguished the doings of their Southern adversaries.

JOHN S. MOSBY

Colonel Mosby is one of the few survivors among leading participants in that fratricidal struggle, and he has been so good as to place at the disposal of the present writer certain facts concerning his own considerable share in the defence of the Southern Confederacy. Colonel Mosby is a writer of grace and charm, having added to the immense literature of the Civil War the fascinating volume entitled, *With Stuart's Cavalry in the Gettysburg Campaign.* This book is a defence of General J. E. B. Stuart, the chivalrous commander of the mounted forces of the Confederate army, for his absence from the battlefield of Gettysburg. That tremendous conflict (July 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 1863), wherein the Federal army under Meade defeated the Confederate host under Lee, was really decisive of the fate of the war; and Colonel Mosby eloquently says: "General Stuart's report of the campaign shows what were my relations with him at that time; and as I brought the information that induced him to ask permission to cross the Potomac in rear of the enemy, and was chosen to command the advance of his column,

I think I have a right on my own account as an actor in the great tragedy, as well as on his, to be heard. The fatal shears cut the thread of his life before the end of the conflict came, and he was denied the opportunity to speak for himself. The time has come to apply the test of reason to the Gettysburg legend to discover who is responsible for bringing upon us the *Dies iræ!—dies illa!*"

Mosby entered the war as a private soldier, and even in that humble capacity his merits were recognised by the Southern Generalissimo, Robert E. Lee, in an Order of the Day. Promotion speedily followed, and the sequel to one of his finest feats of daring, in conducting a raid far within the enemy's lines, was this dispatch from Lee to the President of the Confederacy: "Mr. President—You will, I know, be gratified to learn by enclosed dispatch that the appointment conferred a few days since on Captain Mosby was not unworthily bestowed. The point where he struck the enemy is north of Fairfax Courthouse, near the Potomac, and far within the lines of the enemy. I wish I could receive his appointment as Major, or some official notification of it, that I might announce it to him.—With

great respect, your obedient servant, R. E. Lee, General."

The enclosure ran: "Captain—Your telegram announcing your brilliant achievement near Chantilly was duly received and forwarded to General Lee. He exclaimed upon reading it, 'Hurrah for Mosby! I wish I had a hundred like him.'—Heartily wishing you continued success, I am your obedient servant, J. E. B. Stuart, Major-General."

Here follows an account, in the veteran Mosby's own picturesque phraseology, of the fine feat of arms which won him the above promotion: "It was on March 7th, 1863, that I started from Aldie with twenty-nine men. It was pitch-dark before we got near the cavalry pickets at Chantilly. Here a good point was won, for once inside the Union lines we would be mistaken for their own men. We passed along close by the camp-fires, but the sentinels took us for a scouting party of their own cavalry. I had no reputation to lose by failure, but much to gain by success. I remembered, too, the motto that Ixion in Heaven wrote in Minerva's album: 'Adventures are to the adventurous.' There were a few guards about, but they did not suspect us

until they saw a pistol pointed at them. Of course, they surrendered. Some refused to believe we were Confederates even after we told them who we were. . . . Joe Nelson rode up to me with a prisoner who said he belonged to the guard at General Stoughton's headquarters, and with a party of five or six I immediately went there. An upper window was raised, and someone called out, 'Who is there?' The answer was, 'We have a dispatch for General Stoughton.' An officer (Lieutenant Prentiss) came to the front door to get it. I caught hold of his shirt and whispered my name in his ear, and told him to lead me to the General's room. Resistance was useless, and he did so. A light was struck, and before us lay the sleeping General. He quickly raised up in bed and asked what this meant. I said, 'General, get up—dress quick—you are a prisoner.' 'What!' exclaimed the indignant General. 'My name is Mosby. Stuart's cavalry are in possession of the place, and Stonewall Jackson holds Centreville.' 'Is Fitzhugh Lee here?' 'Yes.' 'Then take me to him. We were classmates.' 'Very well, but dress quick.' My motive in deceiving him as to the amount of my force was to deprive

him of all hope of rescue. I turned over my prisoners to Stuart at Culpeper Courthouse. He was as much delighted by what I had done as I was, and published a General Order announcing it to the cavalry, in which he said it was a feat 'unparalleled in the war.'"

With General Stoughton were captured a number of horses. When President Lincoln heard the news he quaintly remarked, "Well, there won't be any difficulty in making another General, but how am I to replace those horses?"[1]

In the campaign of 1864, when the blood-drenched country was calling out for peace, Mosby and his dwindling band of guerillas ("My command never consisted of more than two or three hundred men," he says in a letter to the writer) "came up against" General Phil. Sheridan, then operating in, and woefully devastating, the rich and beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah. As illustrating the drastic methods of anti-partisan operators in this war of retaliations and reprisals, I extract the following from General Grant's orders to Sheridan at Winchester: "If you can possibly

[1] A familiar Lincoln story, but it will be news to many that it originated in Mosby's raid.

spare a division of cavalry, send them through Loudoun County to destroy and carry off the crops, animals, negroes, and all men under fifty years of age capable of bearing arms. *In this way you will get rid of many of Mosby's men.* All male citizens under fifty can fitly be held as prisoners of war, not citizen prisoners. If not already soldiers, they will be made so the moment the Rebel army gets hold of them. Give the enemy no rest. Do all the damage to railroads and crops you can. Carry off stock of all descriptions, and negroes, so as to prevent further planting. If the war is to last another year, we want the Shenandoah Valley to remain a barren waste."

It is matter of familiar history that the ill-starred Valley *did* remain a barren waste, but meanwhile the stories of Mosby's adventurous daring are too numerous for quotation. Once he narrowly missed capturing General Grant himself, and another time he approached so close to Washington during one of his incursions—actually within sight of the Capitol—that he cut off a lock of his hair, and asked a woman, who was passing by, to give it to Mr. Lincoln with his compliments. It is not recorded that he received a lock of the Presi-

dent's hair in exchange! Eventually a price was set upon Mosby's head, but he vigorously and successfully defended himself from the charge of having followed any but " regular " irregular methods of war. It is significant of General Lee's high opinion of him, that after the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia in April, 1865, Colonel Mosby was placed in command of what remained of the forces of the Confederacy until the final laying-down of arms, and comported himself with dignity and fortitude in a most trying position. Many years afterwards, when Mr. Roosevelt became President, the veteran lived to hold office in the United States Department of Justice. Could the whirligig of time have brought a nobler revenge ?

The tributes of his foes in the war were not less worthy or less generous to Mosby than those of his friends. Thus wrote President Grant after the sword had been sheathed : " Since the close of the war I have come to know Colonel Mosby personally and somewhat intimately. He is a different man entirely from what I had supposed. He is slender, not tall, wiry, and looks as if he could endure any amount of physical exercise. He is able and

thoroughly honest and truthful. There were probably but few men in the South who could have commanded successfully a detachment in the rear of an opposing army, and so near the border of hostilities, as long as he did without losing his entire command."

In his memoirs, General Phil. Sheridan speaks of Mosby's operations in the Shenandoah Valley. He makes no complaint of the Colonel's method of fighting, but, on the contrary, says, " He was the most formidable partisan I met in the war "—though Sheridan had also encountered both Morgan and Forrest.

JOHN H. MORGAN

During the great war days of 1862–3, the name of John H. Morgan inspired the liveliest sentiments of disquiet in the breasts of all sympathisers with the cause of the Northern States in their bitter struggle against the South. He seemed to be ubiquitous and to bear a charmed life. Nothing stayed him, nothing even flurried him. He elevated the calling of the partisan fighter to the eminence of a fine art. For a long time, such units of the Federal forces as ventured to cross his path

either received a more than warm reception, or discovered when too late that they had entirely misapprehended the character and capacity for irregular warfare of the man they thought to conquer.

Morgan was generally associated with the Western section of the fighting that covered so vast an area, and the major portion of his exploits were performed in the States of Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Indiana. His corps of Rough Riders were acclaimed as the best-mounted men in the Confederate service, and their splendid " blue grass " Kentucky steeds, the finest quadrupeds—it were as well not always to enquire too closely how they were acquired—could achieve stupendous feats in the way of forced marching over the roughest of roads. Well might the brave men who bestrode them be known as " rough " Riders.

It is proposed to deal here only with the most celebrated and historic of Morgan's several remarkable incursions into the Northern territory. He had two brigadiers, both of them men on whom he could place the most implicit reliance, Colonel Basil Duke and Colonel Adam Johnson. With their co-operation he took his Rough Riders into Kentucky

in the summer of 1862. This particular enterprise was attended from first to last with the most complete and thorough success. It is perhaps best summed up in the words of Colonel Duke himself, who says : " Morgan's loss during the entire campaign in killed and wounded did not exceed a hundred. He inflicted a much greater loss on the enemy, and captured nearly 1200 prisoners. He entered Kentucky with less than 900 effectives—his command when he returned to Tennessee was nearly 2000 strong. It was admirably mounted and well armed, and the recruits were fully the equals of the original ' Morgan Men.' " Their methods were decidedly of the rough-and-ready order, but they had to be so.

It was in June, 1863, that General Braxton Bragg, commanding the Confederate Army of the West, sent urgently for Colonel Morgan. Something had got to be done, and at once. The opposing Federal " Army of the Cumberland " under General Rosecrans, heavily reinforced, was massing on the Tennessee border in preparation for an onslaught, while the State of Kentucky was in Federal hands. What was to be done if the situation was to be saved ? Bragg conferred and Morgan sug-

gested—only too eager to start at a few hours' notice on one of those grand forays which should lead him on the path of glory and of duty to the flag he served. That was always John Morgan's conception of what he had to do.

General Bragg's idea was that the increasingly sinister situation would best be met by a bold and sweeping raid, having for its objective the important city of Louisville, Kentucky. But this by no means satisfied the eager and fiery Morgan, who pleaded that he should be permitted to extend his sphere of operations right away into Ohio and Indiana, which States were, he pointed out, hurrying up volunteers in great numbers to the assistance of their enemy. General Bragg shook his head, however, reiterating that Louisville was to be his objective, and there the raid must end. He was on no account to cross the Ohio River into the State of that name.

Morgan thought otherwise. Directly his audience of Bragg was at an end he called up his second-in-command, Colonel Duke, and told him what had transpired at the interview, adding that it was his deliberate intention to disobey instructions and go "direct for the Ohio." Duke, who was equal to any emer-

gency, quietly acquiesced, and their splendid array of perfectly-equipped horsemen at once made ready for what was to prove a veritable death-race. In round numbers they counted 2460 sabres, with two howitzers and two 3-inch Parrott guns. It was a coincidence, and a grim one had they known it, that the day when their daring enterprise commenced—July 2nd, 1863—was the second day of the terrible battle of Gettysburg, which was decisive of the fate of the Southern Confederacy. The Rough Riders crossed the swollen Cumberland River so unexpectedly and with such celerity that they were able to hold and beat off an attempt by the enemy to dispute the crossing. Morgan led a thrilling charge which emptied many a Northern saddle, and then with his twenty-four hundred heroes he rode away into Kentucky. Now was the "fun" to begin in earnest.

At dawn of July 3rd, the guerillas reached Colombia, stormed it in another wild charge, and made for the Green River. Meanwhile the Federal authorities had been telegraphing all over the threatened States, and even as they marched through the night the raiders could hear the noise of the axes felling timber

to obstruct their further progress. It was now July 4th (" Independence Day "), and finding 400 infantry under Colonel Moore blocking his way at Green River, Morgan sent in to demand his " unconditional surrender." The Colonel had the bad taste not merely to decline this audacious proposition, but to put up so good a fight when Morgan's men proceeded to rush his stockade, that ninety of the assailants were placed *hors de combat* within a quarter of an hour. So the Confederate leader, not relishing this at all, left the enemy where he was and crossed the stream lower down, his next objective being the thriving town of Lebanon. This place was garrisoned by the 20th Kentucky Regiment, but Morgan, hearing that reinforcements were on the way to them, attacked at once and with the utmost fury. This time his men carried the place, but not before they had lost another fifty killed and wounded—making 140 casualties in two engagements. At Lebanon fell Morgan's brother Tom, a promising young Lieutenant in the 2nd Kentucky. (It will be perceived that Kentucky men were fighting on both sides, as they did throughout this deplorable war.)

On, on sped the valiant and dreaded raiders, twenty-one out of every twenty-four hours in the saddle. "Tapping the telegraph," i.e. taking down the telegraph wires in order to mislead the enemy by means of false messages, was a favourite diversion with Morgan. He practised it with the utmost success until the Federal authorities became too wary for the ruse to be longer successful. Louisville was already in a panic, since, of course, it could not be known there that Morgan intended merely to threaten, not to raid the city. So widespread was the effect of his sudden movement, that in Ohio and Indiana 120,000 militiamen took the field against 2000 irregular horsemen—moreover, this mass of militia was backed up by three brigades of United States cavalry! On the morning of July 8th, or less than six days from the start of his enterprise, Morgan reached the Ohio. He had done more than everything that duty and General Bragg had commanded, for three States were utterly demoralised and dumbfounded at the boldness of his magnificent conception. Not that "magnificent" was the word applied to it by the Federal foe, for Morgan had to burn in order to render his raid a real devastation,

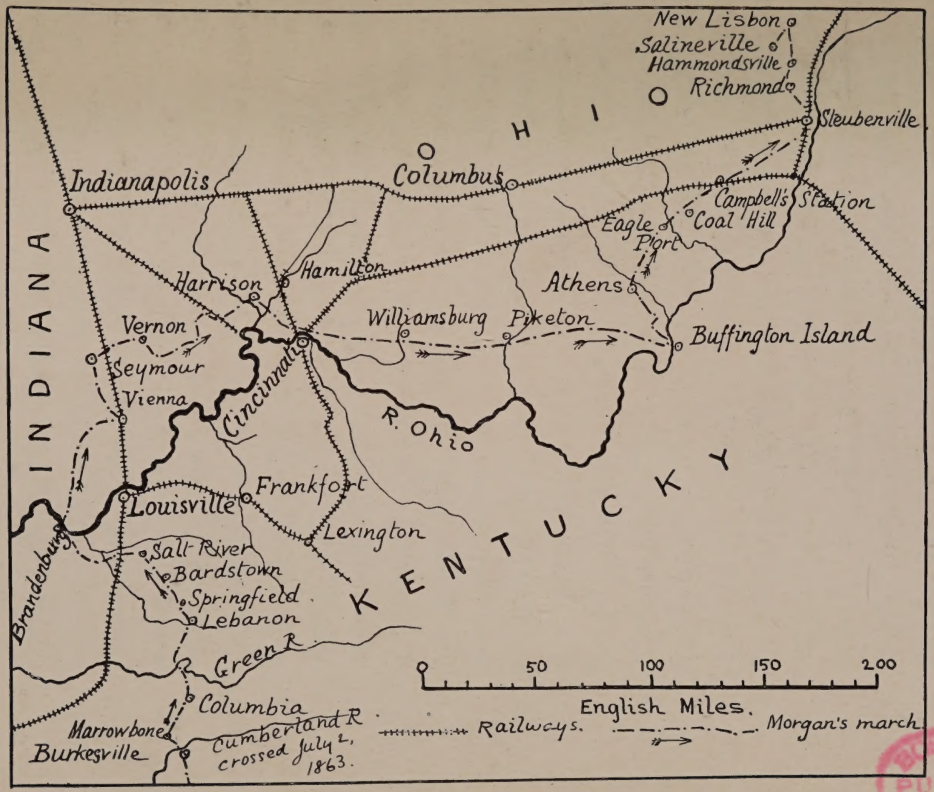
and his men had to plunder in order to subsist.

His followers proceeded to cross the Ohio at Brandenburg, with the timely assistance of two steamboats which they " commandeered." Suddenly, and while yet a portion of the raiders were on the Kentucky shore and others on the Indiana bank of the great river, a hostile gunboat hove in sight and began to shell the crossing. This was a critical moment indeed, but once again John Morgan rose to the occasion. By skilled and masterly use of his four small guns he beat off the gunboat, and the crossing proceeded. Then, Hey, away! as if for Indianapolis, the capital of Indiana, but they swerved aside so as to leave that city on their left. A running fight went on continuously now, for the countryside was in an uproar. At a place called Corydon some sixteen of the raiders bit the dust in a very pretty skirmish. Most of their " blue grass " horses were long since done for, and every available animal that had any pace in him was " borrowed " and ridden to death. Turn we for a moment from the grim business of the fight, to give a personal experience as related by one of the Federal officers detailed to arrest

the Rough Riders' progress. This authority says :

"During the famous John Morgan raid through Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana, my command was sent up the Ohio to prevent the escape of the 'rough rider' and his lawless followers. We reached Pomeroy early in the morning, and found the inhabitants of that straggling little town in a state of the most intense excitement over the rumoured approach of the enemy. At first we veterans did not credit the statements of citizen scouts, but a small detachment of soldiers reported Morgan, with his whole command, rapidly approaching. The brigade immediately disembarked and hurried to the front, while I was directed by General H—— to collect the numerous squads and straggling bands of armed citizens, effect an organisation, and follow after the command. I immediately gave my orders to a score or more of volunteer aids, and in twenty minutes we had five hundred of Ohio's stalwart youths and grey-haired sires and grandsires, armed with squirrel-rifles, superannuated muskets, revolvers, pistols, sabres, swords, etc., and every mother's son of them spoiling for a fight. Not one of them had ever seen a soldier before,

and they had no more idea of discipline and drill than had a Rebel private of the 'rights' for which he was fighting. But this was no time for instruction in the mysteries of war; so I formed them into two ranks, and telling them off into companies of one hundred men each, selected the most intelligent for officers. Before going out to battle it was necessary to select a 'Colonel'; and riding along the entire line, I espied at the head of the column a venerable-looking, grey-haired man, who looked fight in every glance of his twinkling blue eye—commissioned him Colonel 'on the field'—and proposed three cheers and a tiger in honour of his promotion, which were given with a will. All was now in readiness, and giving the Colonel direction to move out double-quick and follow me, I rode to the head of the column. I noticed a little hesitation on the part of that worthy and high official, but it was only momentary. He moved rapidly to the front and centre, halted, faced about, and gave the following command in the dialect peculiar to Southern Ohio: 'Look wild thar! tote yer guns! Prepare to thicken and march end-ways! Go-aflukin'—git!' And amid such a yell as was never before heard in those regions,



MORGAN'S GREAT RAID

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the gallant Colonel dashed off in search of the greybacks, followed by his impatient command. It is needless to add that these rustic soldiers contributed not a little to the capture of Morgan; but I doubt if even General Casey himself, the prince of tacticians, could have executed the march 'by the right flank,' 'double-quick,' in the requisite number of 'times' and 'motions' after the Colonel's commands."

To resume our narrative of the raid. Morgan might easily have captured the fine city of Cincinnati, for not only was it within his grasp and absolutely defenceless, but he could have utilised any number of ferry-steamers on the Ohio. Moreover, it certainly was not because his men as well as his horses were now falling out from sheer fatigue that the bold "Rebel" did not occupy the city—it was because, incredible though it may sound, he cherished an even bolder ambition yet! This was nothing less than to press right on through Ohio and Pennsylvania and join hands with Lee, the Confederate Generalissimo. But what would have been an absolutely unique feat of arms was arrested by the heavy news that reached Morgan at Piketon. The great for-

tress of Vicksburg had fallen, the great battle of Gettysburg had been fought and lost, and Lee was in full retreat. Obviously the only thing to do now was if possible to get back across the Ohio with the wreck of his jaded force. But how ?

Thousands of eager and vengeful enemies barred the way—barred every way, in fact. The nearest spot at which the Confederates could recross the river was Buffington Island, and in their worn-out condition they did not make this point until after dark of July 18th. In an unknown region and without a guide it was imperative to wait for dawn of day, and this delay enabled the swarming Federal militia to arrive at the ford in overwhelming numbers. Hemmed in by fresh and resolute antagonists, Morgan's men had come to the last gate. Federal gunboats joined in and shelled them cruelly, their four guns were captured, and it is recorded that the poor fellows themselves were so exhausted that they could no longer control their horses, which carried them whither they pleased. Finally, ammunition gave out. Their undaunted leader managed to get clear at last with about a thousand of his half-dead com-

mand, leaving 700 prisoners and 125 killed at the river. Some 300 of the survivors managed to cross the stream with Morgan at a point twenty miles east of Buffington, but scores of others were drowned because they had not sufficient strength to sit their horses in the turbid river. Yet for nearly a week after this did Morgan hold out, maintaining a race of another twenty miles with some Michigan troops under Colonel Way. He even had the sublime audacity to propose a capitulation by Way, who spiritedly answered that if the raiders did not throw down their arms without more ado he would fire on them. As only 364 officers and men remained with him, and none of these could drag one foot after the other, John Morgan gave up his sword.

There was a great deal of animosity towards him in the North, and the raiders were treated like felons rather than prisoners of war. Small wonder perhaps, for in the course of what was probably the greatest foray of the nineteenth century, they had burned everything that came in their way. In twenty-four days they had ridden a thousand miles, taken many prisoners, and inflicted *ten million dollars' worth* of damage to property. It was

all according to the rules of irregular warfare, but their enemies would not allow that this was so, and they threatened to take Morgan's life.

This wonderful adventurer and fearless cavalryman, however, proved one too many for them. He broke out of prison and got clear away into the Confederate lines, where he was hailed as one risen from the dead.

Appropriately enough, he died as he had lived, in the saddle and fronting the foe. Rather more than a twelvemonth from the dramatic end of his last great raiding enterprise—to be exact, on September 4th, 1864—he was shot dead while leading on his men to the attack of the Federal army at Knoxville. One may sum up with a brief quotation from the late Colonel Henderson's biography of Stonewall Jackson: "The operations are brillant examples of the great strategical value of a cavalry which is perfectly independent of the foot-soldier, and which at the same time is in the highest degree mobile. Those who have never had to deal with the communications of an army are unable to realise the effect that may be, and has been, produced by such a force; but no one with the least

practical experience of the responsibilities which devolve upon a commander-in-chief will venture to abate one jot from the enormous strategical value assigned to it by American soldiers. The horseman of the American War is the model of the efficient cavalryman."

N. B. FORREST

If Generals Lee and Stuart were in some sense the Bayards of the titanic struggle, Nathan Bedford Forrest was assuredly its Rupert. In no way bred to the grim business of war, this intrepid Southerner raised and equipped a troop of cavalry almost as soon as the shrill clarion of Secession sounded in the land. Throughout this bitter struggle the volunteer fought side by side with the professional soldier—and in appraising Forrest's military merits one is tempted to apply to him a certain famous dictum on Garfield, viz. that any success he won in war was essentially due to the fact that he was "*not* educated at West Point."

This interesting question of the relative merits of the professional and the untrained soldier received many a striking illustration

during the war between Great Britain and the South African Republics. From Lord Roberts downwards, not one of the British commanders who won victories over the Boer armies had passed through the Staff College in the ordinary course; while obviously a similar remark is true of all the very capable Boer leaders. And it is especially true of Nathan Bedford Forrest. Lord Wolseley, in his able study of the American War, pays the highest compliment to Forrest's talents; while one of the most distinguished of the Confederate leaders, General J. E. Johnston, went the length of saying that if Forrest had received the professional training referred to, he would have been "the great central figure of the war."

It became evident at the outset that Forrest's peculiar genius lay in the direction of quick initiative, resource, and daring in the conduct of swift cavalry operations. That his misfortune should have been to "assist" at one of the earliest disasters to the Confederate arms, was no fault of his own. When Grant invested Fort Donelson early in 1862, Forrest was in command of the cavalry of the garrison —men who had already served long enough under him to be captured by that wonderful

personality which was half the secret of his talent for leadership. When a council of war sat inside the fortress to discuss the terms of a capitulation, Forrest jumped up and vehemently exclaimed, "I will never surrender myself or my command!" He was as good as his word. No single trooper of Forrest's command participated in the capitulation of Donelson. He called the whole cavalry brigade to swim the freezing river that flowed under the walls of the fort, in driving snow and sleet, and under cover of night. With him escaped to Nashville about 1340 men and their horses. Forrest's biographer has left a vivid picture of his appearance on that memorable occasion: "Soldier by nature, from earliest boyhood at home on horseback, with firm, erect, and easy seat he rode at the head of the column, an ideal of the *beau sabreur*. From beneath the wide and slightly upturned brim of the soft felt hat, which bore no tawdry plumes, the large, deep-set blue eyes were peering with more than usual alertness. The look of kindliness which came in moments of repose or gentler mood was gone, and something hard and almost savage replaced it. The broad, high forehead, the shaggy brows, prominent

cheek-bones, and bold assertive nose told not only the story of his Gaelic origin, but the bull-dog tenacity of the man. About the ears and neck heavy half-curling tufts of deep-black hair hung so stiff and stubborn that they were scarcely swayed by the strong cold wind which swept the snowflakes in miniature clouds from the tree-tops and sent them scurrying to the ground. The dark moustache and heavy short beard were grey with frozen moisture of the expired air. The massive, firm-set jaw told of the strength of will which mastered all; the compressed lips and deep flush of the face bespoke the bloody business of the hour. Six feet two inches in stature, broad-shouldered, and of athletic frame, well might one say:

> "'A combination and a form indeed,
> Where every god did seem to set his seal
> To give the world assurance of a man.'"

Certain it is that if a Forrest had been in command of Fort Donelson there could have been no surrender.

He next played an important part in the great battle of Shiloh—that contest of giants which opened so brilliantly for the Southern arms, to close so disastrously. But his first

fine achievement as an independent commander in the field now claims our attention—I allude to his capture of the town of Murfreesboro' and its garrison, an event which happened on his forty-first birthday, July 13th, 1862. I can recall few incidents of modern warfare more memorable than this. It was brought about entirely by Forrest's matchless playing of the game known among our Transatlantic cousins under the euphonious title of "bluff." In other words, Forrest, at the head of 2500 cavalry and with *no artillery whatever*, encompassed the capture of Murfreesboro' with its entire garrison of a brigade of infantry and cavalry commanded by General Crittenden. In connection with this masterly *coup de guerre* there is a grim but highly characteristic story of Forrest. A few Confederate prisoners who were confined in the gaol at Murfreesboro' had been treated pretty badly by their Federal captors—in fact, when the Southern forces came in sight, there had been a most inhuman attempt to fire the prison and burn them out. When the Federals became in their turn the prisoners of Forrest, the latter asked to have pointed out to him the officer who had ordered the firing of the gaol.

This was done. Later, when the roll of the prisoners was called, there was no response when it came to the name of this man. "Pass on," said Forrest quietly, "it's all right."

Lord Wolseley has put on record his admiration of the stroke of daring that won Murfreesboro' for the Confederacy. "His operations that day," says the Field-Marshal, "showed a rare mixture of military skill and 'bluff,' and led to surrender of the various camps attacked. It was a brilliant success, and as it was Forrest's first great foray it at once established his reputation as a daring cavalry leader, to be dreaded by all Federal commanders of posts and stations within his sphere of action." The Confederate General's written demand to the Commandant of Murfreesboro' for its surrender is such a "gem," as coming from one whose force was inferior in strength, that it is quoted hereunder:

"Colonel,—I must demand an unconditional surrender of your force as prisoners of war, or I will have every man put to the sword. You are aware of the overpowering force I have at my command, and this demand is made to prevent the effusion of blood.—I am,

Colonel, very respectfully your obedient servant, N. B. FORREST, Brigadier-General, C.S.A."

In this brilliant operation Forrest captured stores to the amount of 500,000 dollars, and his total loss was only eighteen killed and thirty wounded. On getting news of the victory, the Federal General Buell telegraphed to one of his subordinates to "destroy Forrest." But the Confederate was far too wily to be caught.

In the light of the many thousands of horses lost in our war with the Boer Republics, it is an instructive fact that throughout his arduous operations Forrest's horseflesh held out superbly. Another fact of keen interest in his career as a fighter is the touch of romanticism almost ever-present in his undertakings. On at least one occasion he so far forgot the strictly professional jargon in which the dispatches of a commanding General should be couched, as to refer to a Kentucky belle whose patriotism got the better of her discretion, in such terms as this: "Her untied tresses, floating in the breeze, infused nerve into my arm and knightly chivalry into my heart." This romantic strain in the great Guerilla's temperament is again to the fore in his extra-

ordinary achievement in capturing Colonel Streight and the whole of the force (known as "Streight's Raiders") with which that officer had penetrated into the heart of the Confederacy. On this occasion there can be no doubt that Forrest was enormously assisted by the heroic action of a young girl of sixteen, named Emma Samson, who fearlessly rode at the General's saddle-bow in order that she might point out to him the ford by possession of which he might—and did—effect the capture of the raiders. "General Forrest and his men," wrote the brave young Alabama maiden, "endeared themselves to us for ever."

By this time the mere name of Forrest was a terror to the enemy. However big the odds, however insuperable the difficulties, he was always on their lines of communication, cutting off isolated garrisons and separated detachments, and not infrequently carrying the war directly into the hostile territory. "*L'audace, et encore l'audace, et toujours l'audace*" might well have been his motto.

Magnificent work was done by this Rupert of the South in the bloody battle of Chickamauga, where, in General Bragg's army, Forrest directed the cavalry of the left wing and

General Wheeler that of the right. On this field of slaughter, Forrest's horse was shot under him and the General thrown to the ground. He had given particular instructions as to the treatment to be meted out to individual soldiers guilty of quitting the fighting-line without orders. Seeing a man in the act of running away at a crisis of the battle, Forrest drew his revolver and was about to shoot him. "Oh, General, think!" said a staff officer at his elbow—and the soldier's life was spared. To all intents and purposes, Chickamauga was a Confederate victory which General Bragg signally failed to follow up—and Bragg, who for some reason or other disliked Forrest, capped the whole proceeding by turning over the latter's command to General Wheeler at a moment's notice. It is on record that the fiery Forrest, his Southern blood in a blaze, straightway proceeded to the commanding officer's tent and delivered himself to the following remarkable effect:

"General Bragg, I am not here to pass civilities or compliments with you, but on other business. You commenced your cowardly and contemptible persecution of me soon after the battle of Shiloh, and you

have kept it up ever since. You did it because I reported to Richmond facts while you reported d—d lies. You robbed me of my command in Kentucky, and gave it to one of your favourites—men that I armed and equipped from the enemies of our country. In a spirit of revenge and spite, because I would not fawn upon you as others did, you drove me into West Tennessee in the winter of 1862, with a second brigade I had organised, with improper arms and without sufficient ammunition, though I made repeated applications for the same. You did it to ruin me and my career. When in spite of all this I returned with my command, well equipped by captures, you began again your work of spite and persecution, and have kept it up; and now this second brigade, organised and equipped without thanks to you or the Government—a brigade which has won a reputation for successful fighting second to none in the army—taking advantage of your position as the commanding General in order to humiliate me further, you have taken these brave men from me. I have stood your meanness as long as I intend to. You have played the part of a d—d scoundrel and are a coward, and if

you were any part of a man I would slap your jaws and force you to resent it. You may as well not issue any more orders to me, for I will not obey them, and I will hold you personally responsible for any further indignities you endeavour to inflict on me. You have threatened to arrest me for not obeying your orders promptly. I dare you to do it, and I say to you that if you ever again try to interfere with me or cross my path, it will be at the peril of your life!"

In the sequel, President Davis had a personal conference with Forrest and assigned him to the command of West Tennessee. In this new field of operations his glory blazed brighter than ever. Through good report and evil he remained the idol of his troopers. One of his peculiarities was that in battle "he never seemed to touch his saddle, but stood up in his stirrups, an attitude that gave him the appearance of being a foot taller than he really was. As he was over six feet in stature and of large proportions, and of necessity rode a large horse, it was not difficult to recognise his imposing presence at any ordinary distance."

We pass now to the incident of his career

which has been the most grossly misrepresented—the circumstances surrounding his storming of Fort Pillow in 1864. A favourite Northern name for the episode is to this day "the Fort Pillow massacre." Unfortunately for Forrest's reputation, the cry that the Southerners would have no mercy on negroes fighting for the Union had already been raised at the North—and, the place being partially garrisoned by black troops, this has afforded a valuable aid to those historians of the war inimical to the Confederate cause. What really happened was that the negro section of the garrison, believing that no quarter would be given them, went on firing at their Confederate conquerors long after the demand for surrender had been made and replied to. It was a deplorable business altogether.

It is a received maxim that the commanding General shall not expose his life unnecessarily. In the case of General Forrest, such was the personal magnetism he exercised that men were content to follow him to death. Always riding in the forefront of the battle, it is on record that, from end to end of the Civil War, he killed no fewer than *thirty-two* of the enemy with his own hand. He affords a valuable

object-lesson in the conduct of a phase of the war, by the personal "grip" he exerted over his followers. "It is going to be as hot as H—!" was Forrest's characteristic forecast of the engagement known as the battle of Brice's Cross Roads, in which, though with far inferior numbers, he gained a noteworthy triumph. None other than General W. T. Sherman—the planner and executor of the famous March to the Sea—wrote in a dispatch to the War Department at Washington: "Forrest is the devil. There will never be peace in Tennessee until Forrest is dead. . . . We killed Bishop Polk[1] yesterday," cheerfully added the saturnine Sherman.

In the closing months of the struggle, when both parties had become much embittered, a rumour circulated in certain quarters that Forrest had determined on "taking no prisoners." This was, of course, a vile *canard*, but that it gained credence the following anecdote well illustrates. A Federal chaplain, who on one occasion was among Forrest's prisoners, was mortally afraid lest he should be ordered out to be shot. Judge of his surprise when

[1] Major-Gen. Leonidas Polk, who until the war was Bishop of Louisiana.

at the supper-table his captor reverently uncovered, and addressing the prisoner said, "Parson, will you ask a blessing?" And at the close of the meal General Forrest remarked, "Well, Parson, I should have liked to keep you here, but I reckon you'll be of more use to the sinners on the other side."

In spite of General Sherman's cheerful forecast, the great guerilla was not destined to die in battle. He was one of the very last to surrender himself to the Northern conquerors, and the records show that as late as April 11th, 1865, the remains of his command captured a hostile outpost. On May 9th their General took leave of the gallant fellows who had fought so long under the Stars and Bars. "The old bullet-torn flag, whose blue cross had been triumphantly borne aloft for years at the cost of so much blood and valour, they would never part with. On the eve of surrender, as the shadows of night fell, the men reverently gathered around the staff in front of regimental head-quarters and, cutting the silk into fragments, each soldier carried away with him a bit of the coveted treasure. The flag had been the gift of a young lady of Aberdeen, Mississippi, made from her bridal dress,

and had never for an instant been abandoned by the men of the 7th Tennessee cavalry after it was committed to their guardianship."

There was a rumour that Forrest was to be arrested instead of being treated as an ordinary prisoner of war—presumably on account of Federal reports of the affair at Fort Pillow. However, this inglorious consummation was fated not to take place, and the great soldier lived in comparative repose—except for certain mistakes in railroad speculation, whereby he lost a great deal of money—until his death on October 29th, 1877.

In the opinion of President Davis, General Sherman, and General J. E. Johnston, Forrest was not only the greatest cavalry leader, but the greatest soldier of the war. General Maury wrote of him that he was "born a soldier as men are born poets." Said Sherman: "To my mind he was the most remarkable in many ways. In the first place he was uneducated, while Jackson and Sheridan and other brilliant leaders were soldiers by profession. He had never read a military book in his life, knew nothing about tactics, could not even drill a company." Wrote the knightly Beauregard:

"Forrest's capacity for war seemed only limited by the opportunities for its display."

But his best epitaph has been penned by our own Lord Wolseley. It is expressed in these noble and beautiful terms: "Forrest had fought like a knight-errant for the cause he believed to be that of justice and right. No man who drew the sword for his country in that fratricidal struggle deserves better of her; and as long as the chivalrous deeds of her sons find poets to describe them and fair women to sing of them, the name of this gallant General will be remembered with affection and sincere admiration. A man with such a record needs no ancestry."

The battle-history of this celebrated partisan challenges comparison with that of any leader of men in any age. An old man at fifty-six, he only survived the death of the cause that he had loved and served so well by about a dozen years.

A paragraph must be devoted to General Turner Ashby, who fell in battle near Harrisonburg on June 6th, 1862. The opening of the war found Ashby a prosperous resident of Faquier County, Virginia, but he at once raised and equipped a corps of irregular horse.

They received the name of the "Mountain Rangers," and under his direction did splendid service during several months of the struggle. Turner Ashby was a man of exceptional capabilities and qualities, not the least of these being a "delicacy of sentiment and feeling equal to a woman's." It is significant that so fine a judge of men as Stonewall Jackson wrote of him that "his daring was proverbial, his powers of endurance almost incredible, his tone of character heroic, and his sagacity almost intuitive in divining the purposes of the enemy." If he had survived, he must have attained to a very great position in the Confederate service.

CHAPTER XI

MEXICO : PORFIRIO DIAZ

THE five years' struggle for the liberation of Mexico, waged during the middle sixties, was guerilla warfare with a difference. It represented the life and death battle of a great people rightly struggling to be free, as against the domination of an alien Power that had, with armed force and at the sword's point, sought to foist upon the Mexican nation a ruler of foreign blood and autocratic principles in the person of the hapless Maximilian of Hapsburg. Mexico was primarily saved from this fate by two men, each of them having Indian blood in his veins. Their names were Benito Juarez and Porfirio Diaz. One of them died President of the Mexican Republic. The other, Diaz, succeeded his colleague and fellow-Revolutionary in that high office, was re-elected, and not until 1911, when he had attained the ripe age of eighty, was he hurled from the Presidential chair.

In Mexico's struggle for freedom Juarez was the statesman and Diaz rather essentially the soldier, or, more correctly, a judicious admixture of both. As Juarez's biographer has finely said, "before Lepanto, Solyman was the terror of Christendom; before Sadowa, Napoleon III was the arbiter of Europe; and from Solferino to Sadowa one man alone was found to oppose the armies of the Colossus at the Tuileries—the bright-eyed lawyer of Oaxaca, Benito Juarez." Writing half a century after the event, it is not easy to apprehend the condition of anarchy obtaining in Mexico at the middle of the nineteenth century. Since the war with the United States in 1846–8, the country had been terribly in debt, particularly to the financiers of England, France, and Spain. Juarez had been accepted as President and was already by way of showing, under the most adverse conditions, that he had the makings of a wise and beneficent ruler; but the army was irregularly paid, and consequently very insubordinate, while banditti and cattle-thieves infested the unhappy country. In June, 1861, a band of these raiders commanded by the notorious Marquez "held up" the Real del Monte

Mines, took all the money and horses they could find, and only stopped short of killing the miners themselves, of whom 160 were British subjects. This and similar outrages naturally led to the filing of protests by Sir Charles Wyke, the British Minister, and the representatives of other European Powers. At length a Convention was signed in London (October 31st, 1861) on the part of Great Britain, France and Spain, which recited that those Powers, "feeling compelled by the arbitrary and vexatious conduct of the authorities of Mexico to demand more efficacious protection for the persons and properties of their subjects," had agreed to "dispatch military and naval forces sufficient to seize and occupy the several fortresses and military positions on the Mexican coast."

But in the sending to Vera Cruz of the mixed expedition thus arranged for, England took little part as regards her own display of armed force. The Emperor Louis Napoleon was the great stage-manager, and he found a puppet ready to his hand in the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian, younger brother to the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. After a delay of some months, Maximilian signified his willing-

ness to accept the throne of Mexico. He was an Admiral in the Austrian navy and a fine sailor, Tegethoff, the winner of the Imperial victory of Lissa in 1866, being his favourite pupil.[1] But it was a bad day for all concerned when Maximilian was induced to go out to Mexico.

He did not arrive there until 1864, and meantime events in the theatre of war had passed the point of dissensions between the French and Spanish parties to the occupation, Great Britain's share, as has been implied already, not counting to any extent. The Franco-Spanish allies had a considerable following in the country, but the Republican government were able to get together a little army 10,000 strong. This was placed under the orders of General José Lopez Uraga, who later, however, deserted to Maximilian. The Commander-in-Chief of the French forces was General Comte de Lorencez, while M. de Saligny and Admiral Jurien de la Gravière were the French plenipotentiaries and General Prim acted for the Spanish. It is now that DIAZ first comes on the scene. The defeat of

[1] In compliment to his old chief and friend, Admiral Tegethoff's flagship at Lissa was named the *Erzherzog Ferdinand Max*.

the French at Puebla by the Republican force under this young officer—as he then was—on May 5th, 1862, came as a shock to the civilised world and particularly to the French themselves, who were at once heavily reinforced from Europe. Diaz, who was at the time under the orders of General Zaragoza, long after (in his autobiography) stirringly described the *ruse*—that favoured device of the partisan—whereby he gained this brilliant success. "When the enemy were very close and their fire doing much damage, not only to the chain of riflemen, but also to the columns of infantry, I ordered a double-quick retreat on the flanks of the riflemen, and also ordered the Guerrero battalion to advance in columns, and moved my whole force of men and my two howitzers behind them. When the enemy felt my fire, they fled a few minutes before those attacking the hill were repulsed. I ordered Colonel Felix Diaz [his brother] to charge, which he did, causing great loss to the enemy. As the route of the enemy fleeing from my men was along the foot of a hill, they soon joined those fleeing from the hill, causing a crush and confusion of troops, which seriously embarrassed my manœuvres. Never-

theless, I continued to advance as they retreated, bringing up all the men at my command, using my cannon when possible, and gaining ground."

But the French shortly afterwards entered Puebla, thanks to the immense reinforcements, amounting to 30,000 fresh troops under General Forey, sent out to Mexico. This compelled the Government of President Juarez to quit the capital and remove to San Luis Potosi, whereupon General Forey entered Mexico City (June 7th, 1863), and the Archduke Maximilian was called on to accept the dignity and title of "Emperor of Mexico." About the same time Porfirio Diaz was offered and refused the supreme command of the army operating against the French—a refusal based upon "my youth, and the pretext which would thus be given to some of the dissatisfied officers for deserting to the French army."[1] His objections were overruled, but Maximilian's party was now temporarily in the ascendant and was under the command of General Bazaine, destined three short years later to the historic capitulation of Metz. With him Diaz felt compelled to open negotiations (there was no

[1] Diaz's narrative.

money whatsoever in the National exchequer, and some of the unpaid and starving troops not unnaturally grew mutinous[1]) for the surrender of Oaxaca, after having held that shot-torn city under impossible conditions from December, 1864, to February, 1865. "I did not have one thousand men under my control, and it did not seem wise to have more blood shed in a final assault; the situation was desperate and all resistance useless." Bazaine apparently supposed that Diaz had taken an oath not to bear arms against Maximilian (as many Mexican officers did), but the General quickly undeceived him as to this. Nevertheless, Diaz and his principal officers were held in close captivity at the Santa Catarina Convent in Puebla, whence our hero planned an escape well worthy of Morgan the Confederate. At the moment when this plan matured he was suddenly transferred to the "Company Convent," and here the escape took place. Diaz gives a vivid description of what happened. "As soon as 'taps' had sounded and all was silent, I went into an uncovered passage connecting the main build-

[1] "I had ten shot in the Salazar Valley" is Diaz's grim comment, "in the presence of the troops drawn up in line."

ing with the outbuilding. As this was more or less used at all times, little attention was paid to my movements. I carried three ropes which I had wound into a ball and wrapped in a piece of grey burlap. I was working under great disadvantages, as the night was inky-black, the rain pouring in torrents, and the vivid flashes of lightning exposed me to detection every few minutes; but after carefully reconnoitring and being satisfied no one was in the vicinity, I threw the bundle of ropes on to the adjoining roof, threw another rope over a gargoyle, and hand over hand I climbed up. My progress was necessarily slow. The wet roof was slippery. . . . I came near being killed at this point. A blinding flash of lightning so bewildered me that I slipped, and was nearly dashed to the stone pavement below. On the corner of the convent roof was a stone statue of St. Vincent Ferrer, to which I proposed to fasten my ropes. The Saint swayed considerably, but the statue probably had a bar of iron running through it, as it did not fall. It appeared to me wiser not to attempt the descent at this corner, as it was much exposed and I would probably be seen by some passer-by. I therefore concluded to

go down into a lot belonging to the convent, which was enclosed by a high wall. When I made this decision I was ignorant of the fact that there were a lot of hogs in a pen directly under me. The rope swayed considerably, and in one of my bumps against the convent walls my dagger, which was the only weapon I carried, was loosened from my belt and fell among the hogs, evidently wounding one of them, as they made a noise which increased as I came down among them. I had to wait a little to let them quiet down, and was alarmed lest their owner should come out. After the noise subsided somewhat I climbed the fence facing the street, but was obliged to beat a hasty retreat, as I saw the night watchman coming along the street, examining the houses to see if the doors were locked. When the policeman had disappeared I descended to the street, detaching a stone from the top of the wall, which made a great clatter as it fell."

He immediately resumed his military command, and in the autumn of 1866—the whole situation having been modified by Austria's crushing defeat in Europe, the victory of the North over the South in the American Civil War, and consequent pressure put upon Napo-

leon III to withdraw the French army from Mexico—he had the satisfaction of compelling the surrender of Oaxaca, the very city that had been the scene of his discomfiture by the legions of Bazaine. As a preliminary to this *coup de guerre*, Diaz cut off and killed or captured a relief column of thirteen hundred French and Austrian troops designed for Oaxaca. The fall of the place was the prelude to the reduction of Puebla and Mexico City in the succeeding year, and the capture and somewhat barbarous execution of the ill-fated Maximilian.

Diaz records a barefaced attempt made to induce him to desert to Maximilian's camp. The overture came from the French headquarters through General Uraga, a renegade who, as we have already indicated, had espoused the Imperial cause after being Commander-in-Chief of the Nationalist forces. Uraga's communication, says Diaz, "asked me to join the Imperial army, promising to leave me in command of the States forming the eastern division, and that no foreign troops would be sent there unless I asked for them. This incident seemed to offer an opportunity, by advising my men of Uraga's offer, to revive

their drooping spirits, and with this object I called a meeting of the generals and colonels of the line. I acquainted them with the contents of the letter, and formed my answer from their opinions of it. This I sent on November 27th by Colonel Alvarez, telling General Uraga that his second envoy, whatever his mission might be, would be arrested and shot as a spy."

Fusion of interests had failed dismally, and Louis Napoleon characteristically deserted Maximilian after having placed him on the tottering throne of Mexico by the prop of French bayonets—for by the middle of March, 1867, the last French soldier had quitted Mexican soil. A feature of the warfare was the employment of "*contre-guerillas*" to oppose the methods of General Diaz, and these bands were partly composed of the African soldiers in the French service. Now was the time for Maximilian himself to have returned home, but he fatally lingered and vacillated, with an ever dwindling following, and was taken and shot on June 19th, 1867. Around this unnecessary act of savagery a fierce controversy has raged for almost half a century; and as the present is an attempt at a military

rather than a political study, it is needless to go into the matter here. Suffice it to say that Porfirio Diaz had no direct hand in the tragedy. When the French re-embarked for Europe, he tells us, the Emperor Maximilian had only 50,000 troops left for all purposes. These were Austrians and Belgians, and many of them of not particularly good calibre.

At one time it had really appeared as if poor Maximilian's Empire of Mexico was likely to have a future as a real factor in the affairs of the world. But it contained too many conflicting elements, and in an unfortunate moment Maximilian lost the Papal support by refusing to agree to the terms for a settlement of the Church question as laid down by the Nuncio, Monsignor Meglia, who thereupon quitted Mexico. Another horrible mistake was the issue of Maximilian's rescript enjoining the instant execution of all "Juarists"—as the supporters of Juarez, the Republican President, were styled—found with arms in their hands. From the United States great stores of arms reached the Independent party, 30,000 rifles being dispatched from one port alone; whilst President Johnson, supported by the whole force of public opinion in the

States, was constantly demanding from the French Emperor the withdrawal of the army of occupation. It is matter of history that the immediate sequel to this withdrawal was the insanity that suddenly afflicted Maximilian's unhappy wife while she was in the act of pleading for the intercession of the Pope. In a word, it was as if a curse rested upon the Mexican adventure from its very inception.

Mr. Archibald Forbes is in error in stating, in the "Mexican Tragedy" chapter of his informing biography of Napoleon III, that one of Diaz's principal colleagues, the brave General Comomfort, was killed in action. He was assassinated by one of the countless hordes of desperadoes who, as previously indicated, infested the whole countryside. Several of these bands of robbers were led by the notorious Tronsaco brothers, who at that time had as many as four hundred mounted men. "I explained this condition of things to General Comomfort," says Diaz, "when he relieved me of the army corps which had been under my orders. He did not attach much importance to my report, and a few days after my departure, in trying to make the trip from San Miguel Allendo to Celaya in a coach with

an armed escort of fifty mounted men, he was assassinated by the Tronsacos, near Chamacuero."

These banditti bands considerably outlived the life of the Civil War in Mexico, and, in fact, it was not until after General Diaz's second election as President of the Republic that he had their leaders arrested. He then hit upon the not unhappy expedient of giving them their choice between being shot and taking service under him as captains of a rural police force, pledged to rid the country of the robber organisations that were menacing life and property all over Mexico. The plan turned out completely successful. This was the beginning of the famous *Rurales*, corresponding in authority and discipline to the admirable mounted police of Canada.

Porfirio Diaz was re-elected to the Presidential chair of Mexico time after time for upwards of thirty years, administering the government of the Republic always firmly if not altogether gently. It will be well within the reader's memory that he in his turn was finally removed from power by the Revolution which broke over Mexico in 1910–11.

The character of Diaz is a complex and

difficult one either to summarise or to criticise. The Indian blood in his veins may doubtless be held mainly responsible for the taint of semi-savagery in his disposition. This showed itself in several acts of what, at a first reading, seem like unjustifiable barbarities even in war time. He was born for leadership in guerilla warfare, and we have seen that he proved to be the determining factor in the discomfiture of the Austrian Archduke's plans and the French Emperor's ambitions. But it was when Diaz assumed the reins of power over the country he had done so much to emancipate, that he developed more and more the spirit of a despotism which was by no means benevolent. Even so, it was not until the twentieth century had become well advanced that the Mexican people succeeded in dispensing with the services of their President-Dictator.

CHAPTER XII

NORTH AMERICA: "ROMAN NOSE" AND "SITTING BULL"

THE bitter and protracted strife waged between the Red Indian and his pale-faced conqueror and oppressor, resembled no other description of guerilla fighting. It was carried on by the Red Man according to methods entirely his own, but with weapons partially acquired from his enemy. The tomahawk and scalping-knife he had always possessed, and as time went on these were reinforced by the fowling-piece and the heavier weapon. Very truly has it been remarked that "no plan of battle can be drawn to describe an Indian contest." The painted and befeathered braves scarcely ever won a battle unless it was by dint of masterly retreat after cruel and remorseless ambuscade, and woe to the vanquished!—this was of the essence of guerilla fighting as understood by the Redskin. During hundreds of years of massacre, pillage, and bloody reprisals, he saw himself, nevertheless, being

pressed farther back and back into the "Bad Lands" of his open country by the insidious and untiring advance of the earth-hungering, pale-faced foe. There had been brought to him, too, a new and deadly enemy, the "fire-water" of that same pale-face, who had wit enough to perceive that by stupefying the wit of the Indian he might weave his web around the "good" lands of the poor native and make them all his own. He brought rum and he brought the Bible, but he brought also the bullet and the bayonet.

The conflict we are about to treat of took place long after the red had been driven far afield by the white and his civilising agencies—in 1868, when the Union Pacific Railway line had cut great swathes across the prairie and had filled the heart of the Indian with fresh fears for the dwindling territory that still might be reckoned his. Such fears were only too speedily realised. The rolling prairie was to give way to the rolling stock—this primitive Indian man must go to the wall.

His first and last impulse was fight, and so soon as he received the Government's ultimatum he commenced plundering, burning, and killing at all the pale-faced settlements that he

could come upon. The once mighty Sioux and Cheyenne tribes were of those most nearly affected by Government's "request," and they, led by their trusted chief Roman Nose, mounted their shaggy ponies and quitted the wigwam for the war-path. It was on a summer's day of 1868 that the celebrated General Phil Sheridan, then commanding the United States forces, received a request for service against the Indians from Colonel George A. Forsyth, also a hero of the Civil War. As it happened, Sheridan knew his man, and he promptly directed Forsyth to raise and employ a troop of fifty frontiersmen as scouts. In a few days, the Colonel had succeeded in enrolling half a hundred of as fine "cowboys" as ever threw a lariat, all of them men well versed in the wily ways of the Indian. And on August 29th Forsyth was ordered by Sheridan, whose head-quarters were at Fort Hayes in the State of Kansas, to proceed to Fort Wallace and report progress. On arrival there, sinister news was forthcoming from the Government of Kansas—news of a shocking massacre perpetrated by the Sioux at Sheridan, thirty miles away. Forsyth immediately rode out at the head of his fifty brave hearts.

Coming upon signs of the enemy's recent presence nearly all the way, they crossed the Republican River and followed for some distance that fork of it which is known as the Arickaree. From the tracks it became very evident that a large force of the enemy had to be reckoned with, and his men pointed out to Forsyth that in the event of a "scrap" they would stand very little chance against such numbers as the trail seemed to point to. The lion-hearted Colonel felt, however, that it was his bounden duty to follow out his orders to the utmost of his means. Late on September 16th they camped amid the picturesque surroundings of the Arickaree, which is here very shallow and, in the middle of the stream, has a little island. There was not much sleep for the camp that night.

At the first streak of dawn—always the danger-time for Indian attack—a heavy force of Redskins attempted to rush the camp. They were Roman Nose and his followers. In face of a hot fire the scouts cleverly managed to entrench themselves roughly on the islet in mid-stream, and a regular siege commenced. At the outset the gallant Forsyth, in exposing himself to give orders, was twice wounded, in

THE DEATH OF "ROMAN NOSE"

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the right thigh and in the leg, which was broken. With wonderful fortitude he extracted the bullet from his thigh with a razor, but, of course, the brave fellow was incapacitated. His second-in-command, Lieutenant Beecher, fell dead with a groan of "Oh, my poor mother!"

It was afterwards discovered that the enemy amounted to a thousand strong, and most of them were splendidly mounted. The scouts' position was fairly desperate. Being entrenched on an island they had plenty of fresh water, but provisions and ammunition were bound to run short. A further disaster was the death of the surgeon to the party, Dr. Mooers, who was shot down at his merciful work. The investment of the devoted band on the island lasted nine days and nights. The Redskin tactics consisted of a series of desperate charges across the shallow stream, shrieking their terrifying war-whoop. In one of these charges, not long after the start of the miniature siege, Roman Nose himself was slain. Colonel Forsyth describes him as the most magnificent specimen of a "brave" that he saw in all his Indian campaigns. There was much moaning and groaning over his loss, but

the enemy, perceiving the perilous position of the handful of scouts, only redoubled their embittered efforts. They essayed charge after charge, but always with the same results. There were several more casualties among the defenders. Presently provisions gave out, and they were compelled to swallow the half-putrid flesh of horses and mules.

At long last, and on the ninth morning of the siege—when nothing but death and scalping seemed in prospect for the half-delirious survivors in the trenches—" a wild shout of joy arose from the long sedge-grass of the island when over the brow of a neighbouring hill came galloping a troop of cavalry, and rocking and rattling over the rough ground a string of ambulances, the drivers flogging the mules into a furious run." The rescuers were the 10th United States Cavalry under Colonel Carpenter, who was soon shaking hands and congratulating the wounded Forsyth. The relief had come from Fort Wallace, a hundred miles off.

More than one-half of the fifty scouts lay cold in death or grievously wounded. But the " bucks " had been taught a severe lesson.

. . . . .

The Red Man's last battle, as it has been not inappropriately termed—at all events, the last victory won by the Redskin over the white—was fought on a June day in 1876, what time the United States were by way of celebrating the centenary of their Independence. It was a last expiring effort, so to speak, of the mighty Sioux chief Sitting Bull, and with him or under his orders fought half a dozen leaders of lesser renown—Crow King, Gall, Crazy Horse, Hump, Little Horse, Spotted Eagle, Low Dog, and Big Road. The cause of quarrel was, as it ever was, the decision of the United States Government to confine the Indians to the "Reservations" allotted to them. The Redskin preferred to roam at will, to track and hunt as of old. For centuries he had seen himself being pushed steadily backwards by the cloven foot of civilisation, and he had always fought and lost. He would fight and lose to the end.

It was around and upon the vast borderlands of Montana, Dakota, and Wyoming that these nomads were still engaged in futile struggle during the winter of 1875–6. The remnants of two great historic tribes were involved, the Sioux and the Crow Indians,

led by Sitting Bull and Yellow Face respectively. The first-named of these was forty-two years of age, and esteemed a great Medicine Man. Like Tantia Topee he was no "first-class fighting man," but, also like him, what he lacked in physical courage he made up in subtlety and the cunning of an infinite resourcefulness.

In the early part of 1876, when in view of the Indians' threatening attitude it was determined to take the field against them, Sitting Bull with a large force of braves was camped about the Little Missouri River, whilst Crazy Horse and his following lay along the Powder River, in Wyoming. "The region," says Mr. 'Angus Evan Abbott,' "was a wilderness, rugged, mountainous, and deeply scarred by rapid streams and small rivers, and totally unknown to the United States soldiers." General Phil Sheridan was assigned to the command of a powerful punitive force, with head-quarters at Chicago and General Terry as his second-in-command. Under Terry served, as leaders of the mounted troops, two distinguished soldiers of the Civil War, Brigadier-Generals Custer and Crook—and very early in the campaign (to be exact, on March

17th, 1876) Crook was caught and badly beaten by the contingent under Crazy Horse. This led to a fresh plan of campaign, since the Indians became enormously encouraged after the repulse of Crook. General George Armstrong Custer, at this time in the prime of life, should and would have had the post of second-in-command to Sheridan. But President Grant bitterly disliked Custer, and it was only on the personal application of the gallant Sheridan that he was permitted to go with the expedition at all. Custer was a magnificent specimen of manhood, nearly six feet high and splendidly proportioned, a total abstainer and anti-tobacconist from boyhood. From the moment he left West Point he had been a cavalryman. He fought at Bull Run with the 5th Cavalry, and, indeed, in every engagement of the Army of the Potomac save one, and he captured the first colours taken from the Confederates. But, like the majority of his colleagues, he did not know much about the ways of Indian fighting.

We may as well come quickly to the trail of the terrible tragedy which was to befall Custer. He was assigned to the command of the 7th United States Cavalry, a fine regiment of

some 700 sabres. At the outset, however, when they crossed the Little Missouri on May 31st, 1876, and went in search of Sitting Bull in the Bad Lands of the Yellowstone, the American leaders committed the fatal blunder of dividing their force and underrating their foe. On June 25th Sitting Bull was located, and Custer marched out at the head of his regiment to try conclusions with the Red Man. They were going to explore the practically unknown valley of the Little Big Horn, and this gives its name to the engagement which ensued. "The command set out for Sitting Bull's village shortly before noon. It was divided into three battalions—Major Reno commanding the advance, General Custer following with the second, and Captain Benteen the third, the pack-train being under the charge of Lieutenant Mathey. Custer's battalion consisted of Troops 'C,' commanded by the General's brother, T. W. Custer; 'I,' Captain Keogh; 'F,' Captain Yates; 'E,' Lieutenants Smith and Sturgis; 'L,' Lieutenants Calhoun and Crittenden, with Lieutenant Cook, adjutant, and Dr. Lord, medical officer." Their leader appears to have had some presentiment of impending calamity.

"I have never heard General Custer talk like that before," said one of his officers. "I believe he is going to be killed."

Custer divided his little force with very great deliberation, giving half of it to Major Reno with orders to "charge the village," and himself intending to descend upon the hostile encampment from the hills. Captain Benteen's third battalion of the regiment constituted the reserve, and a message from Custer to that officer shortly after they separated read: "Benteen, come on—big village—be quick—bring packs."

From that moment no word or sign was ever made from Custer's command. *It was destroyed off the face of the earth. No man escaped.* Only the dead remained.

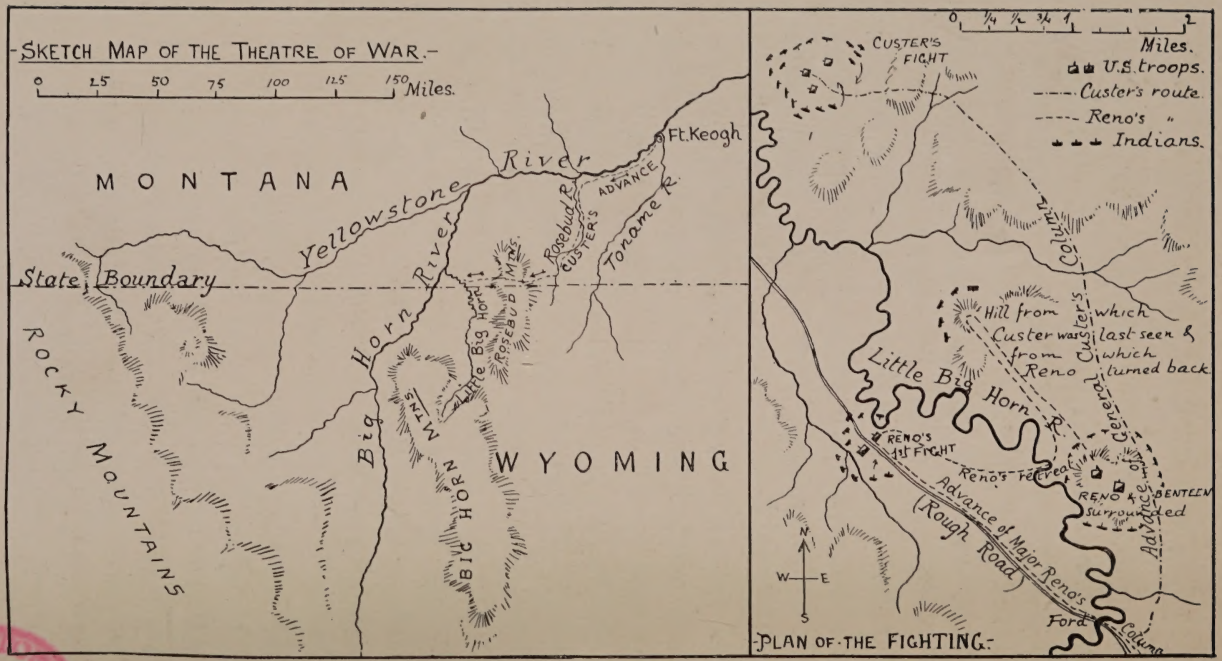
It was a destruction more utter and complete than, for example, that which befell our own 24th Regiment in Zululand three years afterwards, because in that instance a few men escaped to tell the bloody tale. For sheer completeness and mystery of horror it more nearly resembles, on a larger scale, the wiping out of the Shangani Patrol by the savage Matabili in December, 1893.

How should we reconstruct the scene of

noble Custer's death? It is a matter of impossibility to do so, and a court-martial as to Major Reno's conduct failed to elicit a great deal. That officer was himself in some danger (having eighteen killed and fifty-two wounded in his little command) until relieved by the arrival of Terry's contingent. A visit to the scene of General Custer's undoing revealed the melancholy tale of 265 corpses, all of them scalped with the exception of Custer himself, whose personality had been well known to the Indians. A large United States force scoured the "Bad Lands" for some time thereafter, but, in spite of their assiduous marchings and counter-marchings, they discovered no enemies at all. The Red Man had simply covered up his tracks and disappeared.

Major Callwell[1] has pointed out that "the affair on the Little Big Horn in connection with the strategical division of force illustrates the danger of tactical separation. The column which came to grief consisted of twelve troops of cavalry with a train of pack animals. On getting touch with the Indians it was formed into four parties, one of five troops under Custer commanding the column, and two of

[1] *Small Wars*, p. 153.



CUSTER'S CAMPAIGN ON THE LITTLE BIG HORN

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three troops each, one of them under Major Reno; the fourth, of one troop, formed the baggage-guard. The force was moving down the valley of a stream. When it was reported that the enemy's settlement was only two miles off, Major Reno's party was sent to the front to move rapidly against the enemy, it being understood that Custer would support him. The other two parties had got separated from this main portion of the force. Major Reno found the Indians in great force, and being unsupported he was, after a hot fight and heavy loss, compelled to take refuge on a bluff close by which proved a satisfactory shelter. Fortunately he was joined here by the two parties which had gone astray, and was enabled to hold his own against the determined attacks which the Indians, after a pause, commenced and kept up for many hours. Custer's force appears to have moved to the right of the valley, as firing was heard on that side, and eventually it got back to near the river some distance lower down than where Reno's force had taken up position. This at least was conjectured from the tracks. For the force was annihilated, and nothing but the bodies of men and horses served to

tell the tale of the disaster; but it appears to have been the case that the five troops fell in with an overwhelming force of Indians, and that these afterwards came to attack Reno's party. Fortunately that officer secured a good position, and had partially entrenched himself while there was yet time."

CHAPTER XIII

THE EGYPTIAN SÛDAN: OSMAN DIGNA

OSMAN DIGNA signifies in the Arabic vocabulary "Osman with the Beard." Alternatively he has been styled "Osman the Ugly." From all published accounts that we have seen, the Mahdi's lieutenant and right-hand man assuredly seems to have been ugly both as to his mind and his person. He graduated in that abominable school of slave-trading which the beneficent rule of England in Egypt has since done so much to sweep away, and, his traffic in human souls and bodies being sorely hampered by an edict of the Khedive that the slave-trade must cease, Osman forthwith vowed vengeance and prepared for fight. In 1883, the Mahdi having long since appeared in the Sûdan and having succeeded in destroying the Egyptian contingent of General Hicks Pasha, he instructed Osman to prepare,

with all the armed force at his disposal, for the utter extermination of the Khedivial foe.

Suakim, the historic port on the Red Sea Littoral where the fanatical forces of Osman made their protracted stand in 1883–4–5, is an island about a mile in circumference. Incidentally, it is the nearest point on the sea-coast to the Nubian Nile. Mr. Walter Truscott, who was there in 1885 as a special artist, defends the place from the charge of ugliness and squalor. "Picturesque, unappreciated Suakim! Venice of the Red Sea!" he writes. "What pleasant memories this sketch brings back of sunny hours spent upon that shore and amongst those distant hills." Presumably, very few of our soldiers and bluejackets who fought and worsted the legions of the celebrated slave-trader would be willing to endorse Mr. Truscott's favourable view, though to be sure they saw Suakim under not exactly the happiest or most romantic conditions.

The Sûdan was at that date, as it had more or less ever been, the scene of unheard-of and unthinkable horrors, perpetrated upon its wretched inhabitants by the slave-traders

and oppressors of whom Osman Digna was a protagonist. He was a native, one might say *the* native, of the Port of Suakim. As the prince of all slave-traders, he had dyed that place in the blood of countless victims of his infamous calling, when the Khedive's edict, and the appearance of Government troops in Lower Egypt, practically ruined him. Vowing vengeance is one matter and acting it another, but in Osman Digna's case both were easy. The Sûdan tribe over whom he exercised the strongest authority were the warlike and ferocious Hadendowas, and when he took the field they were about the most potent factors at his back. With Osman to think was to do. He resolved to sweep the Eastern Sûdan of Anglo-Egyptian foes from end to end. His methods as a guerilla warrior were, we shall find, slightly differing from any other type of the Eastern partisan whom we have met with in these pages. They were methods to be reckoned with by the bravest and most strenuous enemy, for no quarter was ever given or even dreamed of by him.

Having concentrated his tribesmen to the number of some thousands, one of the great slave-trader's first blows was struck at a con-

tingent of five hundred Egyptian troops, moving from Suakim to Sinkat with Commander Moncrieff, R.N., who was acting as H.B.M. Consul at the port. These were completely wiped out, and so too were seven hundred native troops at Tamai—shortly afterwards the scene of one of Osman Digna's "big" battles. Hugely encouraged by these early successes, Osman proceeded to lay siege to the Egyptian garrisons in Tokar and Sinkat.

Realising that something must be done without delay for the relief of these two posts, the Government at Cairo dispatched against Osman a brigade of about 3600 Egyptian troops, commanded by Valentine Baker Pasha ("the man on the old white horse"), whose staff included the celebrated Colonel Fred Burnaby. The story of the summary fate that overtook Baker's Egyptians at the hands of those wild spearmen is not a pretty one. From the very start General Baker's men behaved very badly—the "Gyppy" soldier is a very different man to-day, as we all know, thanks to British training and example. Wrote one of the English officers who escaped from that stricken field, thanks to the fleetness of

their horses, "The conduct of the Egyptians was simply disgraceful. Armed with rifle and bayonet, they allowed themselves to be slaughtered, practically without an attempt at self-defence, by savages inferior in number and armed only with spear and sword." As a fact, at Tokar twelve hundred Sûdanese overwhelmed nearly three times their number of Government troops, but these were mostly hastily levied and reluctant recruits, half-drilled and undisciplined.

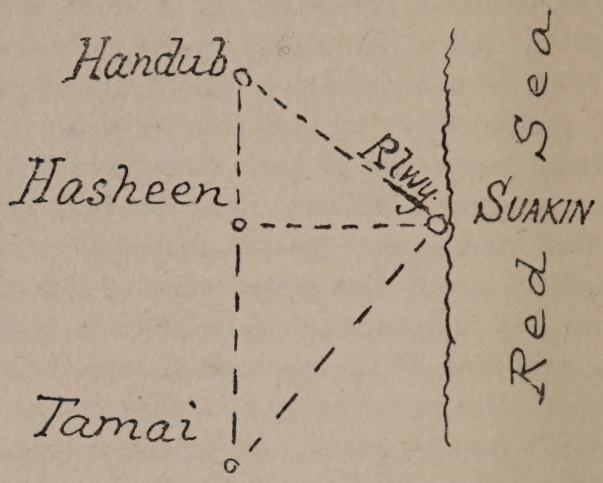
Tokar and Sinkat immediately fell. On February 8th, 1884, only four days after the annihilation of Baker's command, a terrible butchery was perpetrated at the latter place. The Commandant scorned to capitulate to such savages, and in the sequel his devoted little band of four hundred were destroyed to a man, in a splendid attempt to cut their way out. This was fine indeed, but again it was in contrast to the behaviour of the garrison of Tokar, who surrendered to Osman, *and whose black gunners were seen in Osman's ranks serving the guns taken from Baker's brigade.*

General Sir Gerald Graham, v.c., was now dispatched to teach the Hadendowa ex-slave-

merchant a lesson. He had with him a mixed force of infantry, cavalry and bluejackets, including such famous regiments as the Black Watch, the Gordons, and the 10th and 19th Hussars. Graham found himself too late to save Tokar, but on February 29th and March 13th, 1884, he defeated Osman Digna at El-Teb and Tamai, after two desperate and bloody engagements. The killed in Baker's defeat had never been interred, the result being a sickening stench as our little army moved out to the attack. Before offering battle, Graham dispatched a written ultimatum (in Arabic) to the rebel leaders, bidding them disperse their fighting-men before morning or rue the consequences. This failed to produce the desired effect. A conspicuous feature of the close hand-to-hand fighting that followed was the ham-stringing of numbers of our cavalry horses by the savage tribesmen, who lay on the ground and used their long knives as the Hussars swept over them. After Tamai, where he lost 2000 killed, the British put a price on that chieftain's head; but the wily fox got clear away to the mountains, alleging as excuse for his defeat that he had employed the "wrong fetish."

His resistance was, however, only crippled, and for the ensuing twelvemonth he remained in undisturbed possession of a large area. After the fall of Khartoum in the early days of 1885, it was decided by Lord Wolseley—who confidently counted on sweeping the Mahdist hordes out of their stronghold in the autumn—that a railway must be built connecting Suakim with Berber on the Nile. Sir Gerald Graham was again selected for the enterprise, and on reaching Suakim in March he found himself in command of some 13,000 splendid troops, including a brigade of Guards under Lyon-Fremantle, an infantry brigade under Sir John McNeill, and an Indian native brigade. There was also a capital little Colonial (Australian) contingent, for the death of Gordon had aroused so martial a spirit throughout the dominions of the Queen-Empress that offers of help in re-conquering the Sûdan flowed in. An extraordinarily rapid and complete piece of organisation followed, the railway was begun, and Osman Digna was warned not to interfere with the operation. This, of course, was British "bluff," for the rebel chief was known to have a large force assembled about Tamai,

Hasheen and Handub, the position somewhat resembling this :



Now there were extensive wells at Hasheen, and it crossed Graham's mind that if only the enemy could be deprived of his water supply, the rest would be easy. Accordingly he marched out to seize these wells (March 20th, 1885) with practically his whole available force save the Shropshire Regiment, who were left to garrison Suakim. Moving in three-sides-of-a-square formation, the little army proceeded on its way, pausing to construct *zerebas* of thorn bushes for its protection. Anon the force came under a heavy fire—for

the amount of smuggling in firearms that had been going on along the Red Sea was amazing, *plus* the many weapons taken from the Egyptian troops whom the tribesmen had so often worsted. A tremendous charge of spearmen against the square formation which our troops rapidly completed, was beaten off with heavy loss, and then the 5th Lancers and Bengal Lancers were let loose at them. The enemy sullenly retreated towards Tamai, leaving about a thousand dead of the 3000 men with whom they had entered the fight.

So far, good. But it was of the first importance that Osman Digna should be taught a really severe lesson before the business of building the line could be effectively proceeded with. On this occasion, the command of a powerful mixed force—Berkshire Regiment, Royal Marines, Bluejackets, Indian infantry, etc.—was entrusted to Sir John McNeill, and the terrible mêlée which ensued is alternatively known as the battle of Tofrik or McNeill's Zereba. This happened on Sunday, March 22nd. The force was in the act of "forming zereba" some six miles from Suakim, when like a surging torrent the Dervishes

descended upon our unready troops. Proper precautions against surprise had not been taken, and the magnificent courage of his men preserved McNeill's brigade from annihilation. The following graphic pen-picture of the scene within the square is culled from Mr. Wentworth Huyshe, the *Times* correspondent:

". . . Walter Paget of the *Illustrated London News* was calmly making an admirable sketch of a single combat between a Hadendowa swordsman and a poor little Tommy Atkins. 'Tommy' was doing his best with his regulation sword (made in Germany?) against the tremendous two-handed sidelong sweeps dealt out by the swordsman; but it suddenly occurred to him to deliver cut No. 7 which, much to the surprise probably of both combatants, cut the Arab's head down through the skull. Next moment poor Tommy himself fell dead at our feet, shot through the lungs by our own fire, I think, from the rallying square of a detachment of the Berkshires which had been caught outside, and was being desperately and incessantly charged by the enemy. Meanwhile, the Berkshires and we in the Marines'

zereba were firing terrific volleys *into our own transport animals*, behind and among which the enemy was in great force. A sight it was to see those poor beasts, stung by the deadly hail, rear their great bodies into the air. In the Berkshires' zereba, at the diagonally opposite end of the position, the hand-to-hand fight was in full swing. The Gatling gun redoubt had been rushed by the enemy, all our poor fellows near it slain, and the Berkshire working parties who had run towards their stacked rifles, which were between them and the charging enemy (a notable deed!), were fighting hard, bayonet and bullet v. spear and sword. Not a man of the enemy got out of the zereba alive: they died there, a hundred brave men and more, under the shadow of the sacred banner which they had planted on the redoubt."

About sixty Dervishes fought their desperate way right into the equally unready zereba of the Royal Marines, and were there shot or stabbed. There were many isolated acts of self-devotion, notably that of the Roman Catholic chaplain, Father Collins. Taking his life in his hands he crossed the shot-swept area with a message commanding one of the

Indian regiments to "Cease fire," as they were firing wildly and to the common danger. In *twenty minutes*—that was the whole period of time covered by the action—some 1500 out of 5000 of the enemy were accounted for. Our own butcher's bill was fairly heavy, and thanks to the inevitable firing at and through the baggage animals, no less than five hundred poor camels and mules were disposed of. But it was the aftermath that was the most terrible.

Until the arrival of General Graham with the Guards Brigade next morning, a night of horror was passed by the exhausted troops on the bloody ground. "After the great soldiers' battle at Tofrik," wrote Mr. Truscott, "when our brave boys of the Berkshire Regiment and the Royal Marines had sustained the shock and held their ground against countless hordes of black fiendish warriors, a strange, dazed feeling fell on everyone; the uncanny foe had been suddenly met face to face and grappled with hand to hand. Like the genii of the Arabian tale he had seemed to rise out of the sands of the mysterious desert, and on the whirlwind that lifted its column of brown dust in fantastic shape had swept between the two

unfinished zerebas, carrying before him the great convoy to be scattered over the plain. After the short sharp tumult came again the impressive silence, broken by moans and cries of pain; hundreds of our comrades who but now were full of life lay still for ever, but the attack might be made again at any moment, and every eye and ear were painfully strained towards the bush from which the danger threatened. . . . Day followed day with no diversion for our thoughts or shelter from the burning sun that scorched our brains, while the stench from thousands of unburied bodies of men and animals sickened our souls."

This correspondent might have added that at night-time a ray of hope seemed to come from the British warships at anchor off Suakim, whose searchlight illuminated the desert for miles around, seeming to give promise of better things in store.

It had been hoped, to be sure, that at an early date the decisive blow would be struck at this elusive Osman and his savage guerilla spearmen and camelmen. But suddenly, and to everyone's dismay, the Government of the day decided upon the abandonment of the

Sûdan. The railway, which was to have effected so much as an outpost and precursor of civilisation, was summarily stopped when it had reached no more than fifteen miles along the desert towards Berber, and all the troops were withdrawn excepting a small garrison retained at Suakim. The " honours " decidedly remained with Osman the crafty, who was pleased to describe Tofrik as a complete and decisive Mahdist victory. It has been pointed out by Major Callwell [1] how aptly this sudden onslaught illustrates the difficulty of outpost duties in special circumstances. The bush around the half-finished zerebas was so high and thick that even our vedettes could see little at the distance of half a mile. When, therefore, these pickets rushed back on the main body, the enemy attacked so rapidly that they came on at their very heels. So it turned out that the outposts were of little use, since the enemy came to close quarters before any real warning could be acted upon. They even masked the fire of the main body to a considerable extent. In fine, Major Callwell is of the opinion that in such a case as the battle of Tofrik, no system of

[1] *Small Wars.*

outposts that could be devised would afford real security.

When the re-conquest of the Sûdan was tardily decided upon, twelve years later, Osman Digna was acting as the "first lieutenant" of the Khalifa, the Mahdi having died meanwhile. He was present at the battle of Omdurman in 1898, and at the Khalifa's disastrous battle at Gedid in the ensuing year. He escaped after the latter fight however, and after a long march on foot, as a hunted fugitive, he was finally captured in the Warriba Hills, some ninety miles south-west of Suakim, by Captain Burges at the head of a police patrol, in January, 1900. Sheik Ali Omar Or, of the Gamilab tribe, had given the patrol secret information which led to the betrayal and capture of the old slave-trader.

He was sent to Rosetta, in Egypt, to join the other Dervish prisoners, and remained there up to the end of 1902. He was then transferred to the Damietta prison, and subsequently to Wady Halfa, where he has since been residing in an exceedingly mild captivity. He is now upwards of eighty years of age. Osman Amu Bakr Digna, to give him his full names, is said to be of Kurdish descent. His

ancestors were soldiers in the army of Sultan Selim the Conqueror, who immigrated and settled in Suakim some hundreds of years ago. These appear to have intermarried with the Hadendowas, and hence the origin of the Digna tribe.

CHAPTER XIV

SOUTH AFRICA: DE WET AND DELAREY

"Hofer's Tyrolese, Charette's Vendéans, or Bruce's Scotsmen never fought a finer fight than these children of the Veldt."

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

GENERAL CHRISTIAAN DE WET, in his naturally biased but very remarkable book, *Three Years' War*, raises powerful objections to the application of the term "guerilla warfare" to the operations conducted by himself and General Delarey in the concluding stages of the Boer War. General De Wet proceeds, "We will suppose that England has captured New York, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Paris, or any other capital of a free and independent State, Kingdom, or Empire, and that the Government of such State, Kingdom, or Empire still continues to defend itself. Would England then be entitled to call its antagonists 'guerillas'? Or we will suppose that England's capital has been taken by another nation, but the English Government still remains in existence. Could England then be

considered to be annexed by the other nation, and could the enemy term the English 'guerillas'? Surely it would be impossible. The only case in which one can use this word is when one civilised nation has so completely vanquished another that not only is the capital taken, but the country from border to border is so completely conquered that any resistance is out of the question. But that nothing like this happened in South Africa is clear to everyone who recalls the names of Lindley, Roodewal, Dewetsdorp, Vlakfontein, Tafelkop, and Tweefontein, not to speak of many other glorious battlefields on which we fought *after* the so-called annexation."

The fact remains that the conditions peculiar to the splendidly-conducted "running fight" maintained for many months during 1901–2 by De Wet's gallant but depleted Commando, were essentially those of partisan war. Nor can I discover one solid or satisfactory reason why the illustrious Boer leader should have objected so energetically to be classed with such magnificent types of the irregular soldier as those whose deeds I have chronicled in previous chapters, and notably in the section devoted to the American Civil War.

A more important point to settle is that of the precise period at which De Wet's hostile operations may be said to have assumed the character of a guerilla war. After mature consideration, and the comparison of many leading authorities on the subject, I have come to the conclusion that this era of definite change in tactics dates from his being driven into the Transvaal by the converging movement of several British columns, and by the unconditional surrender of General Prinsloo and his 3000 burghers to General Sir Archibald Hunter—that is to say, about August, 1900. (General Olivier, though included by Prinsloo in the surrender, dishonourably escaped with 1500 men.) We will therefore date from the day when the De Wet commando, then consisting of some 2500 horsemen, was compelled to cross the Vaal River, i.e. on August 3rd, 1900. De Wet had already gained several noteworthy successes along our immensely extended lines of communication—notably at Lindley, where 470 Yeomanry under Colonel Spragge were disposed of, and near Roodeval Station, where the 4th Derbyshire Regiment (militia) were captured and Colonel Baird-Douglas killed. The Boers destroyed the

Rhenoster Bridge and scientifically wrecked the line for many miles, rather wantonly burning a train containing the mails from home intended for the English "Tommies."

The Boer General claims that at this time he had in arms against him "five or six British Generals and 40,000 troops." It is important to note that President Steyn and the Orange Free State "government" travelled with De Wet's head-quarters, and that the latter's strength was constantly fluctuating as circumstances dictated, from two or three thousand to a few hundred burghers. In the earlier stages the force was well-found, each man having a led horse and the ammunition carried in Cape carts. What manner of man was their renowned chief personally? "Christiaan De Wet, the elder of two brothers of that name, was at this time in the prime of life, a little over forty years of age. He was a burly, middle-sized, bearded man, poorly educated, but endowed with much energy and commonsense. His military experience dated back to Majuba Hill, and he had a large share of that curious race hatred which is intelligible in the case of the Transvaal, but inexplicable in a Free Stater, who

has received no injury from the British Empire. Some weakness of his sight compels the use of tinted spectacles, and he now turned these, with a pair of particularly observant eyes behind them, upon the scattered British forces and the long exposed line of railway."[1]

If there is a fault to be found with General De Wet's own unique record of the war, it lies in his frequent and unnecessary appeals to the God of Battles. Thus, immediately before this first flight into the Transvaal, he had the good fortune to capture one of our railway trains. "Instead of finding ourselves captured, we had taken ninety-eight prisoners and destroyed a heavily-laden train. How frequently a Higher Power overrules the future in a way we least expect."[2]

In crossing the Vaal at Schoemansdrift, De Wet did indeed auspiciously inaugurate his great game of hide-and-seek by cleverly evading the envelopment of several converging hostile columns; and shortly afterwards—we are now at the middle of August—he decided upon a rush back into the Free State with General Philip Botha and 250 picked men.

[1] Conan Doyle, *The Great Boer War*, p. 343.
[2] *Three Years' War*, p. 173.

Naturally it took the British some time to appreciate the meaning of this new move by the adventurous raiders, who were making for the great road that runs from Rustenburg to Pretoria. The fortunate capture of two English scouts apprised them, however, that they were in imminent danger of being surrounded—" we found ourselves," tersely comments De Wet, " between four fires." In this emergency he decided to cross the main spur of the Magalies Mountains—an elevation of 2000 feet—though warned by a Kaffir that " baboons, but not a man " could successfully negotiate them. And the weary burghers actually scaled these almost perpendicular heights in full view of one of Lord Roberts' pursuing columns ! On the night of the 22nd they were across the Vaal and in the Free State again, in the vicinity of Potchefstroom which De Wet " visited."

At this point the General strikes a sanctimonious chord once more, remarking that " here I had the most wonderful of all the escapes that God allowed me in the war." This was the non-success of an attempt at his betrayal by a Hottentot, who, after interviewing De Wet on the subject of employ-

ment, seems to have given information as to where his English pursuers might find him sleeping; but the plot miscarried. The "energetic gentleman with the tinted glasses," as Sir Conan Doyle calls him, signalised his escape by wrecking a large tract of railway line, after which he doubled back and enjoyed a smart fight with the British near Roodeval.

It was now (autumn) that the Boer Commander-in-Chief carried out his celebrated scheme of re-arming nearly 3000 burghers who had taken the oath of neutrality, claiming in defence of this doubtful proceeding that the English had been equally guilty of breach of faith in deporting the Boer prisoners to Ceylon and St. Helena, and in other matters of detail. The fact was, that the conflict had now entered upon its bitterest stage with the realisation by the handful of desperate burghers that they had come to the last ditch. De Wet had ordered a strong detachment of these re-armed burghers to assemble at Heilbron on September 25th, but he found to his dismay that many of them had come accompanied by their cumbersome ox-waggons. ("At such moments as these," says the General in his mock-religious strain, "one would be wellnigh driven mad

were there not a Higher Power to hold one back.") The General immediately ordered the waggons to be abandoned or sent away, but he claims that the unwillingness of many of the burghers to be parted from their only property led to numerous desertions, etc. In October and November the commando met with a couple of severe reverses. General Barton was now fully conversant with the right tactics to pursue, and in a smart action with his flying column the Boers lost sixty killed and captured, and were forced to re-cross the Vaal River. On November 6th they were surprised near Bothaville by the gallant Colonel Le Gallais, " without doubt one of the bravest English officers I have ever met." [1] Le Gallais, who had, in Sir A. Conan Doyle's felicitous phrase, " infected every man under him with his own spirit of reckless daring," fell mortally wounded. " Tell my mother I die happy, as we got the guns," were almost his last words.

If General De Wet's figures are to be trusted, the disparity of force on this occasion amounted to little or nothing, Le Gallais having perhaps a thousand men against 800 Boers. The

[1] *Three Years' War*, p. 215.

latter, in addition to forty or fifty killed or wounded, lost 100 prisoners, including several leaders of distinction, six Krupp guns, and 1000 head of cattle. The horses of the burghers were by this time in a terribly emaciated condition ; but the dauntless and indefatigable De Wet, still able to muster 1500 followers, next headed for a point on the historic Modder River. To do this he had to run the gauntlet —or to "race through," to use his own expression—of two of the great chain of forts which had been constructed between Bloemfontein and Ladybrand. This dashing manœuvre was effected, and the raiders found themselves close to Dewetsdorp, a town which had been christened after their leader's father. Now Dewetsdorp was garrisoned by 500 of the Gloucestershire Regiment, the Irish Rifles, and the Highland Light Infantry, so that the burghers were in the proportion of two to one. Nevertheless, it was a bold and dashing thing for them to surround and compel the surrender of this isolated post. The garrison made a gallant resistance, holding out for several days, and it was not until nearly one-fifth of them had been shot down that Major Massy surrendered Dewetsdorp (November 23rd,

1900) with 400 prisoners, two guns, and a large number of small arms; a relieving column arrived too late. De Wet was "one of the first to ride into the British trenches, and the prisoners gazed with interest at the short, strong figure, with the dark tail coat and the square-topped bowler hat, of the most famous of Boer leaders." Sixteen out of eighteen men serving one of the captured guns were killed or wounded.

Apart from the dash and daring of the exploit, Dewetsdorp gained the guerillas nothing save the useless encumbrance of several hundred prisoners, who, I am sorry to say, they treated shamefully before releasing them—again and again they released their captives almost at once, simply because they could not keep them—and the vicinity of their victory was, of course, too hot to hold them. De Wet therefore made for Cape Colony again, only to find that General Charles Knox was at his heels with a large force, and that both the Orange and Caledon Rivers were in flood. "It rained so hard while we were fording the Caledon," the General quaintly writes, "that, as the Boers say, 'it was enough to kill the big devils and cut off the legs of the

little ones.'" Hemmed in between two great rivers in flood, it really did seem at last as if this wizard of the veldt was at the end of his resources. Many of his horses were so weak that the men had to proceed on foot. It would have been a rich prize for the English, seeing that Mr. Steyn was with De Wet's head-quarters. Moreover, all detachments having been called in for this elaborate attempt on Cape Colony, De Wet was in great strength, and so large a capture would almost have closed the war. But Providence was on his side again, and the General does not omit to emphasise this fact: "our marvellous escape can only be ascribed to the irresistible protection of Almighty God, Who kept His hand graciously over us." In a word, these 2500 galloping horsemen, having previously found a ford across the Orange River, got clear away by the seemingly impossible expedient of riding directly between two of the English forts at Springhaansek, which vomited lead at them all the time. Near Christmas, 1900, was the date of this miraculous escape. The enterprise had cost the guerillas 100 men, 500 horses, and a couple of guns.

On New Year's Day De Wet, having slightly

rested his worn-out men and horses in the Ficksburg Mountains, marched to Roodewal with carts and dug up a quantity of ammunition which he had buried there after his affair of the previous June. Sending many of his men home to their farms to procure a second horse for the purpose, he determined on a further attempt against Cape Colony. He found he had still available (January 25th, 1901) some 2000 men, and President Steyn elected to accompany the expedition—indeed, it is hard to see what else he could have done, poor man, in the desperate circumstances of his environment. De Wet's new raid was prefaced by minor " invasions " by Hertzog's and Kritzinger's commandos, but he never succeeded in joining hands with either. Briefly, their attempts failed, though the resistance of the Commandant and his burghers was to be prolonged — somehow — for another twelvemonth. Knox was, as before, the opposing General. The Boers discovered that the grass had been entirely destroyed by locusts, and they could not obtain any fodder ; but then " there is no force so easy to drive and so difficult to destroy " as a Boer army. Marching and counter-marching, they were

compelled to abandon their two last guns on February 23rd, which happened to be the forty-seventh anniversary of the Free State's independence. This time it was night that saved De Wet from capture. After seventeen days of narrow escape and futile manœuvring (with one isolated success, when he cut up a squad of Colenbrander's Scouts), he luckily struck a ford in the swollen Orange River. "Soon the river was one mass of men from bank to bank. I can hardly describe the different exclamations of joy, the psalms and songs that now rose up from the burghers splashing through the water. 'Never will we return!' 'No more of the Colony for me.' 'On to the Free State!' 'The Free State for ever!' Then again, 'Praise the Lord with cheerful song! Hurrah!' These were among the expressions which met my ears. Although this was only an old waggon ford, which had not been used for the last few years, my little waggon and a few carts got across. One of the carts was drawn by two small donkeys. Somebody told me that these little donkeys had to swim a short distance where it was deep, and at one time disappeared beneath the water; but that the driver was so full of joy—

or fear—that he went on whipping the water. A fearful experience we had had! We asked each other in wonder, 'Is it possible? How could we have endured it?'"[1]

His second invasion of the Colony had cost De Wet all his guns and convoy, 300 men, and some 4000 horses.

At the end of February the General met Louis Botha in conference, and the latter reported his failure to come to terms with Lord Kitchener. In April De Wet travelled 360 miles, between Heilbron and Petrusburg, terribly and constantly harassed by General Plumer and others. In May he, in conjunction with Delarey—practically the only occasion when they "joined hands" during the war—failed in an attempt to rescue some Boer women who were being escorted to the Concentration Camps which the English had established in order to stop the useless struggle. For the period of block-houses, "drives," and night attacks by Lord Kitchener's army had now begun, and from November, 1901, De Wet could never count upon more than 700 burghers. Moreover, these were rapidly losing heart. One of their last successes was gained

[1] *Three Years' War*, p. 275.

at Tweefontein before dawn of Christmas Day, when 350 of the 4th Imperial Yeomanry were all killed or captured, with the loss of an Armstrong and Maxim gun. This fight was an affair of splendid daring on the Boers' part. They stole up to the convivial Christmas camp in their stockinged feet, and rushed the position. "In the confusion," wrote an eye-witness, "some of the men killed each other, and some even killed themselves. Two Boers who put on helmets were killed by their own people." Major Williams, commanding the Yeomen, was shot through the stomach, and so tenacious was the resistance in this mêlée before dawn that we had 6 officers and 51 men killed, 8 officers and 81 men wounded.

De Wet's last big adventure was what he himself describes as "cutting my way through sixty thousand troops." While this is perhaps a somewhat grandiloquent description of what actually took place, it is in effect true that he and many of his men did during the early weeks of 1902 manage to break through the living cordon which the skill of Lord Kitchener and his subordinates had drawn around them. De Wet danced like a will-o'-the-wisp round the British columns, but, he confesses, "with

the others it fared ill." On a previous anniversary of the English defeat at Majuba (February 27th), Cronje and his army had been captured at Paardeberg, and now on another anniversary of the same event Commandant van Merwe and 400 burghers were compelled to lay down their arms, among these prisoners being De Wet's son. In one " drive " alone the enemy lost 2000 horses and 50,000 cartridges. Owing to the captures of clothing and other necessaries by Rimington's Scouts, De Wet says he was reduced to the suit of clothes he stood up in—but I should here remind the reader that it had long since become a practice with the Boers to replenish their scanty wardrobes by stripping their prisoners naked. On the night of March 12th De Wet and Steyn (who was now dangerously ill) broke through the block-house line near Bothaville and got into the Transvaal to join General Delarey, who had been winning minor victories which I shall presently speak of. Some months previously, Lord Kitchener had deemed it necessary to notify the guerilla leaders that, if they did not at once submit, all Boers still bearing arms would be " banished for ever from South Africa "—to which De Wet had stoutly replied

that " I and my officers assure your Excellency that we fight with one aim only—our independence, which we never can or will sacrifice." But the end was now at hand. An interesting episode was the capture by Ross's Canadian Scouts of De Wet's " arsenal " and storehouse in a sequestered cave. " Half-way down a precipitous *zrantz*," says Sir A. Conan Doyle, " with its mouth covered by creepers, no writer of romance could have imagined a more fitting head-quarters for a guerilla chief."

A period of negotiation occupied the spring of 1902, and in June the remnants of the various commandos finally laid down their arms. In one " drive " by Sir John French he disposed of 292 Boers killed and wounded, 500 prisoners, three guns and a Maxim taken, 600 rifles, 4000 horses, 4500 trek oxen, 1300 carts and waggons, 24,000 cattle, and 165,000 sheep. " The whole expanse of the eastern veldt was dotted with the broken and charred waggons of the enemy."

Generals De Wet, Louis Botha, and Delarey were admittedly the three great soldiers on the losing side produced by the revolt of the two South African Republics; the brightest feather in the cap of the last-named un-

questionably being his startling capture of General (now Field-Marshal) Lord Methuen in the very last weeks of the war. In the earlier stages of the struggle Delarey had been associated with Cronje, and it is probable that if his advice had been followed there would have been no surrender at Paardeberg, for Delarey, in common with De Wet, possessed a real genius for war. On July 11th, 1900, during Lord Roberts' halt at Pretoria, the wily Boer brought off a daring *coup* at the exposed position of Uitval's Nek, only eighteen miles from the capital, when the British had to mourn nearly 300 in killed and prisoners and two guns. On the last day of August he inflicted a loss of sixty casualties upon another detachment near Quaggafontein. Much later in the year, during the prolonged irregular operations in the Transvaal, the indefatigable Delarey fell upon and captured or plundered a valuable convoy of 120 waggons which was proceeding from Pretoria to Rustenburg. This provided him with a huge supply of badly-needed stores of all descriptions.

Shortly after, being joined by a commando under Beyers, he struck at a force of 1500 British which lay at Nooitgedacht in the

Magaliesburg Range. General Clements was in command, and the look-out kept by his people was decidedly not of the best. At dawn ("the hour of fate in South African warfare") of December 13th, 1900, the burghers rushed our advanced posts. They were in great force, and so close was the fighting that while the heliograph was being worked to call up help the soldier in charge of it was hurled over the cliff. The pet monkey of the Yeomanry was hit by three bullets, but nevertheless survived as a "battle-scarred veteran." Practically every man on the "berg" or hill, a thousand yards from Clements' head-quarters, was shot down. So severe was the firing on the wounded, that with the help of *their own blood* the poor fellows rigged up a red hospital flag. For hours, we are told, 250 brave men stood between Clements and sheer disaster. Eventually their General's bravery and personal example extricated the command and secured its retreat on Reitfontein without any loss of artillery. But the casualties were terribly heavy—60 killed, 180 wounded, and 315 taken, as well as the whole camp and 400 horses. It may be imagined how much appreciated the

latter were by the Boers. It was a splendid victory for Delarey, even if he also lost heavily.

A dangerous and annoying phase of these irregular operations may here be referred to. Hardly a day elapsed, we learn, that "the line was not cut at some point. The bringing of supplies was complicated, by the fact that the Boer women and children were coming more and more into refugee camps, where they had to be fed by the British, and the strange spectacle was frequently seen of Boer 'snipers' killing or wounding the drivers and stokers of the very trains which were bringing up food upon which Boer families were dependent for their lives. Considering that these tactics were continued for over a year, and that they resulted in the death or mutilation of many hundreds of our officers and men, it is really inexplicable that the British authorities did not employ the means used by all armies under such circumstances—which is to place hostages upon the trains. A truck-load behind every engine would have stopped the practice for ever. Again and again in this war the British fought with the gloves when their opponents used their knuckles." [1]

[1] Doyle, *Great Boer War*, p. 404.

At the beginning of 1902, the ubiquitous and persevering Lord Methuen penetrated as far as Vryburg in a wide-sweeping and cleverly calculated attempt finally to cut off the mobile but depleted commando of Delarey. In the vicinity we had lost a small number of our Yeomanry, but on February 4th Methuen retaliated by a surprise attack in which, while Delarey himself escaped, Commandant Alberts and 132 Boers were made prisoners. But the guerilla chief was determined at once to signalise his escape and to "get even"—and it must be owned that he did so in a sufficiently sensational fashion. This is how he accomplished it:

A convoy of 130 waggons was *en route* from Wolmaranstad to Klerksdorp, a distance of fifty miles, the escort under Colonel Anderson consisting of some 600 men of the Northumberland Fusiliers, Imperial Yeomanry and Paget's Horse, with two guns and a pom-pom. Complete security seemed to reign everywhere, and so close to its destination was our force when Delarey fired his bolt from the blue, that Klerksdorp was actually in sight. The night of February 24th had been rough and rainy, however, and under cover of such

conditions it was no difficult matter for the "slim" burghers to creep up and conceal themselves between the slumbering convoy and its goal. At the dawn the white-tilted, lumbering waggons were well on their way when a flame of fire burst out from the scrub bordering the road. In an instant all was confusion. At first Colonel Anderson hoped that he might at least succeed in securing the safety of the convoy; but it turned out that Delarey had rallied to the onslaught nearly 2000 men, whose terrific volleys soon stampeded the mules. Worse than all, the carts got crowded together into a particularly difficult ravine or "spruit," the Jagd Spruit, so that utter chaos prevailed. Yet the resistance of the ambuscaded column was of a most heroic description, as is evidenced by the loss in killed and wounded of 176 men and 11 officers. The remainder were compelled to surrender, and the two guns were of course sacrificed. The Boers are known to have suffered some fifty casualties. They speedily let their prisoners loose as usual, because they could not maintain them, and they shot the teams and burned the waggons. Delarey, who was always a conspicuous example to the other

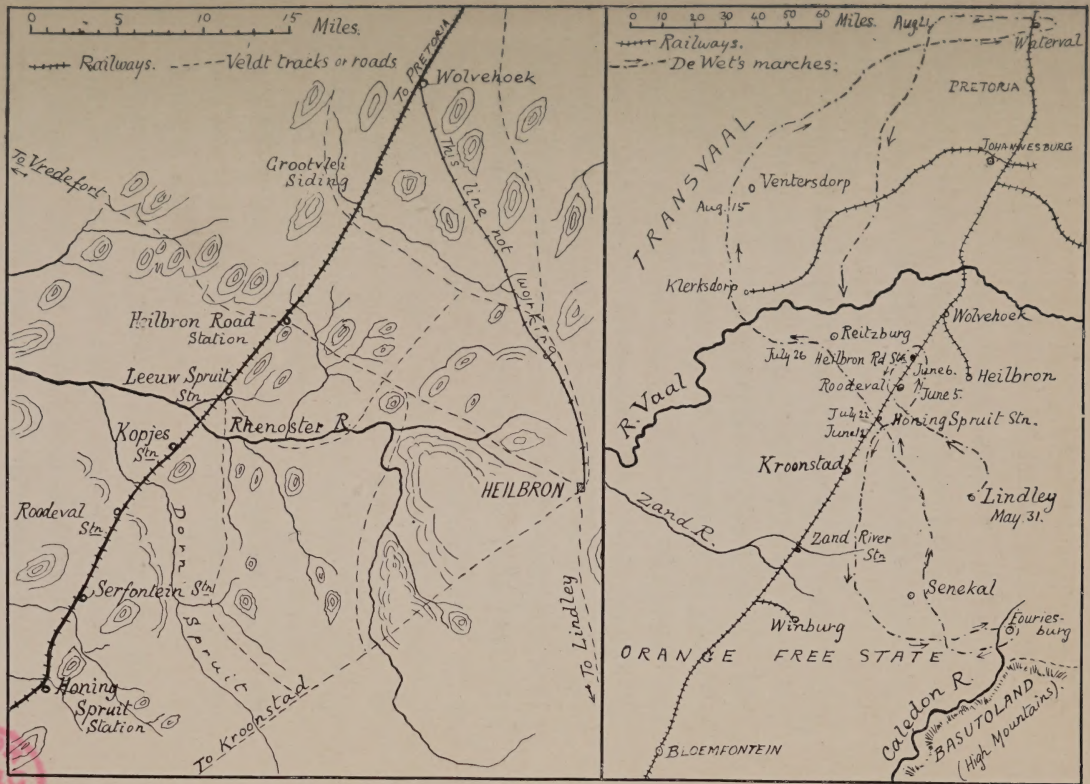
Boer leaders for his great humanity, treated our wounded with the utmost kindness. He got clear away before pursuit could touch him —but only to prepare another and more dazzling *coup*.

Lord Methuen, ordered up from Vryburg to co-operate with Colonel Grenfell in an attempt to re-take these two guns and, incidentally, deal Delarey a staggering blow, moved on March 2nd with the following very mixed force, of which Sir A. Conan Doyle has unkindly recorded that " such a collection of samples would be more in place in a London procession than in an operation which called for discipline and cohesion " :

200 Northumberland Fusiliers	233 Cape Mounted Police
100 Loyal North Lancashires	110 86th Imperial Yeomanry
184 5th Imperial Yeomanry	92 Diamond Fields Horse
64 Cullinan's Horse	58 Dennison's Scouts
126 Ashburne's Horse	24 British South Africa Police
Two guns, 4th R.F.A.	Two guns, 38th R.F.A.

Several of these units were, indeed, excessively raw and inexperienced soldiers. Such

as they were, however, and with a convoy in charge, Lord Methuen was leading this column towards Lichtenburg on March 6th. At dawn of the 7th they were at or near Tweebosch. Here they were attacked in force, and the greater part of Methuen's irregular horsemen put spurs to their steeds and fled without firing a shot—the scene has, in fact, been likened to a South African "Battle of the Spurs." The nerve of these cowardly cavaliers appears to have been entirely broken by the apparition of a cloud of determined burghers charging them in five lines. Their defection unfortunately uncovered the two guns of the 38th Battery, every one of whose gunners and officers was killed or wounded. It was a pathetic sight to see the gallant Methuen personally trying to arrest these pitiful fugitives, who did not draw rein till they got to Kraaipan, some miles away. There remained the two other guns and the infantry, who held out heroically for several hours. To make matters worse, a bullet smashed Lord Methuen's thigh-bone, and by the time the white flag was hung out—the Boers having meanwhile brought some heavy artillery into action—the column had lost 68 killed and



DE WET'S RAIDS—MAY TO AUGUST, 1900

1. Scene of the attacks on the railway.
2. Outline sketch of De Wet's movements.

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121 wounded. There were 205 unwounded prisoners, with of course the guns and convoy. If this victory had been won at the opening instead of the close of the struggle, it would have heartened the Boer resistance very appreciably.

The "incident" fell heavily upon Lord Methuen after his long months of arduous but on the whole successful campaigning. His wound was necessarily of a painful character, but it is good to know that he received the most chivalrous treatment at the hands of General Delarey, who speedily sent him and his doctor into our lines. Methuen's own men, by whom he was beloved, were infuriated at the cowardly behaviour of the composite force that had left their General "in the lurch." Still, it would be idle to detract from the spirit and gallantry displayed by the enemy in this affair. It might have been worse, for on one occasion Lord Kitchener himself was nearly captured in a train which passed through the Boer lines.

For the brave and audacious Delarey, however, the end of all things was at hand. Lord Kitchener placed his Chief-of-the-Staff, Sir Ian Hamilton, in general command of the

operations for his final discomfiture, supported by other columns under Generals Rawlinson, Kekewich, and Walter Kitchener, the whole "drive" covering an enormous frontage. In one movement by Hamilton along the line of the Mafeking Railway as many as 364 prisoners were gathered in, and lesser captures were effected almost every day. The guerillas were literally starving. Delarey's last hostile effort on a scale of any importance took place on April 11th at Rooiwal, where fifteen hundred Boers made a magnificent but hopeless charge against Kekewich's command. Some of them actually got within a hundred yards of our alignment, their saddles emptying all the time and the saturnine Commandant Potgieter being killed when close up to our guns. In the stampede which followed, the foe were pursued for twenty miles. Presently General Delarey left the "army" in order to take part in the historic peace negotiations which terminated a bloody and relentless struggle of wellnigh three years' duration—the last eighteen months of which had been almost wholly concerned with the tactics of guerilla warfare.

And now a further word as to the "Con-

centration Camps '' of the South African war in their relation to the grim business of partisan fighting. Most of the Boer leaders have expressed themselves in terms of the utmost detestation concerning the " herding together," as they called it, of their wives and little children in these camps. But there is another aspect of the question, and I venture to quote a few words from Dr. Miller Maguire on this vital point : " If it once gets out to the world at large that guerillas or irregulars will be treated like the guerillas and irregulars in South Africa were treated, there will be plenty of guerillas and irregulars in every future war. It will be the most prosperous career possible. I would turn guerilla myself to-morrow if I had a chance to go and be treated as they were treated. You fight and enjoy yourself as long as you can, and in the meantime what is your wife doing ? Crying ? Turned out into the forest like the French women were turned out, or denuded of her property like the Vendéan women, and the children in a most pitiable condition ? Is that the way the Boer women were treated ? Not at all. Most of our wives would have been far better off in Africa than they ever were before. I say, if it only comes

to be generally known that guerillas will be treated as we treated the guerillas in South Africa, soldiers will begin with guerilla warfare instead of ending with it."

I may close with the closing words of General De Wet's fascinating book, because that great soldier expresses himself in terms of dignity, wisdom, and understanding :

" To my Nation I address one last word.

" Be loyal to the new Government. Loyalty pays best in the end. Loyalty alone is worthy of a Nation which has shed its blood for Freedom."

THE END

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